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IN RHINELAND.

BY THE REV. C. S. EBY, B.A.

II.

VIEW ON THE RHINE.

WE now bind our pack on our shoulders and start for a march through the Black Forest. We leave Baden about six in the morning. The road is smooth, and constantly rises. Baden soon lies at our feet, and ever and anon we must stand and look back to enjoy the picture. The town itself is a picture, with its neat houses and numerous gardens, set in a frame of hills, clad in the dark foliage of evergreen woods. The Black Forest may once have been black enough, with its dense primeval pines and spruce, where the wild boar was hunted and the bandit had his home. But the woodman's axe has brought light into its blackness, and the peaceful clockmaker now works where the wild boar had his lair

and the robber hid. We climb a hill, when suddenly a valley opens up before us, and a village lies at our feet. Down we go into the village of clockmakers, and then along some clear stream, through the quiet vale. Now we see a ruin on the top of a hill, up we climb again, refreshing ourselves meanwhile on blackberries and brambles, which grow large and plentiful by the wayside. But now we enter a dark wood; the road is steep and rugged. We become ravenously hungry, and have nothing to eat. At the top, however, we find an inn, something to eat, and the clearest, coldest water that ever flowed from rock. Now we descend on the other side, and pass the landmarks between Baden and Wurtemberg. New valleys open upon either hand; new hills present themselves in front, but they can't tempt us to further marching when we once get into pretty little Wildbad, after a tramp of about twelve hours.

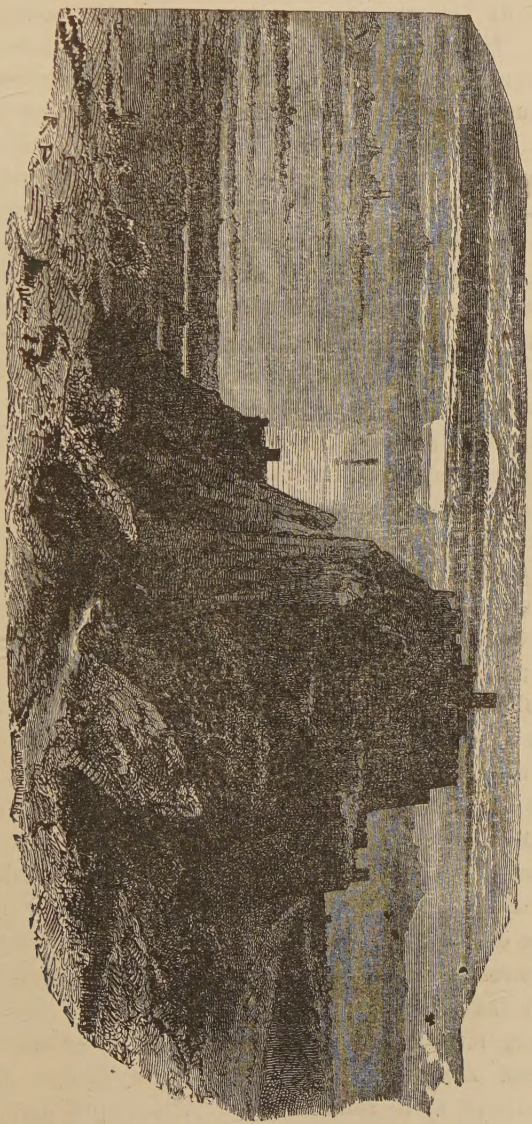
Now we take train for Stuttgart, the capital of Wurtemberg. We pass through a country rich in natural advantages—undulating, picturesque, fertile. Its people have nearly all the charm of the Irish character, without their pugnacity. Their rich brogue reminds you at once of the Emerald Isle; their good-natured, impulsive hospitality, and their ready wit, have their equal only in the jolly Hibernian. Here is the old family castle of Frederic Barbarossa. The train stops a moment at Ceislingen, and old women come selling curiously-wrought trinkets of bone. This is the only place where they are so extensively made, and well made as they are, they are sold for a trifle.

Emerging from the Black Forest, we see far-towering over the plain of Wurtemberg the famous castle of Hohentwiel, as shown in the engraving on page 195. It rises 2,200 feet above the neighbouring Lake Constance, and held bravely out during a terrible siege of the Thirty Years' War.

At last we reach Friedrichshafen, on the Lake of Constance, which is an enlargement of the Rhine, forty-four miles long by nine miles wide. On a clear day can be seen in the dim distance the hoary crests of the Alps. The little trip over the cold fresh water to Constance was pleasing, as we had a constant view of the undulating shore, covered with corn-fields, pastures, vineyards, orchards, and woody declivities. At last we land at Constance, where the Rhine again becomes a river.

We remain a day here, for the historic associations claim for

it a more than passing notice. The town itself is very old, and much decayed. It once contained over 40,000 of a population —now there are not more than 10,000. But here it was that



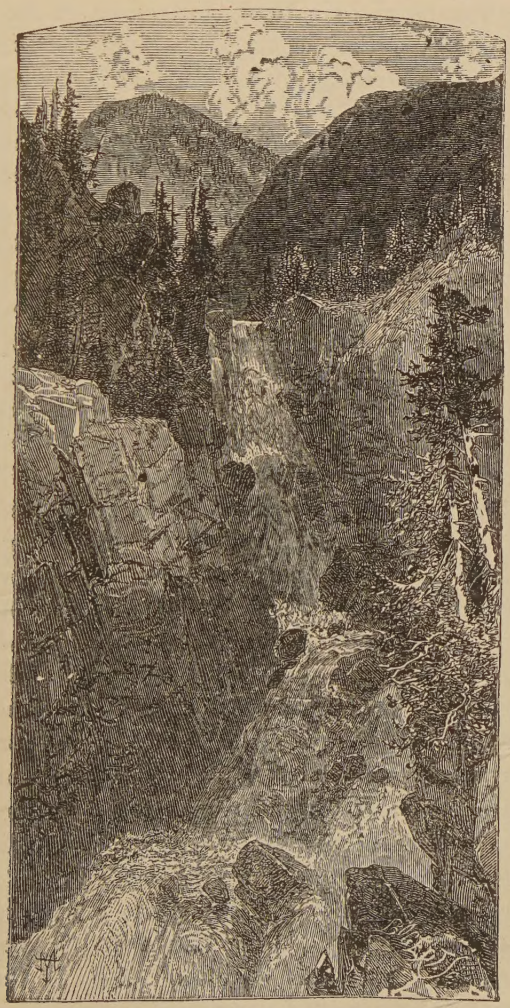
CASTLE OF HOHENTWIEL.

the Emperor Segismund convened the great council of 1414-18, to arrange the difficulties concerning the papal tiara, and to root out the Huss heresy. The council chamber is still in good

preservation, a large, neat room, not specially beautiful. Here assembled the Emperor Segismund, Pope John XXIII., 26 princes, 140 counts, over 20 cardinals, 7 patriarchs, 20 archbishops, 91 bishops, 600 prelates and doctors, and about 4,000 priests. They deposed three rival popes, and elected a new one, but the most noteworthy thing they did was to condemn and burn Huss and Jerome, of Prague, after the Emperor had given them a safe conduct there, and the promise of security. We visit the old Dominican monastery, where Huss was incarcerated. It is now a manufactory of some kind, but there are many *souvenirs* of the prisoners still sacredly kept. There is his cell, six feet long by four feet wide, the massive oaken door with its little iron window, where bread and water were doled out to him, and many other things equally interesting. We take the same road now that the two martyrs trod, jeered at by the crowd as they passed along, clad in their devil-painted robes. Huss had a mock trial on the 15th of July, 1415, was condemned and burned the same day, and his ashes thrown into the river Rhine. Jerome suffered the same fate the following May, on precisely the same spot. A very large stone now marks the place, overgrown with ancient ivy. Four hundred and fifty years and more have passed away since they died. Bohemia, their native land, is still Roman Catholic, for the sword of Wallenstein was mighty; but the memory of Huss and Jerome is still green in the hearts of their countrymen, and they long still for the dawn of a better day. It was a Bohemian schoolmaster who took pleasure in talking to me about Huss, and told with evident satisfaction the pun of that martyr. Huss means in the Bohemian tongue goose, and Luther is a swan. "You may kill and roast the goose," said Huss, "but a swan will come whom you can neither kill nor roast." But we must leave the ashes of the martyrs in peace, and continue our journey. We go down the Rhine a short distance, until we reach Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. Here we visit the Falls of the Rhine. The fall is seventy feet high, broken by projecting rocks. The river is not very wide—the surroundings are varied. Above the precipice is a railway bridge. On the whole it is, perhaps, more romantic and picturesque than our mighty Niagara, but otherwise it is a mere plaything in comparison.

We now leave the Rhine, and will not see it again until near its glacial source among the Alps. We travel directly south,

towards Zurich, passing on our way through Winterthur; the mountains begin to grow more distinct, the country is more romantic. Just at Winterthur we seem to be passing into a valley, where the lofty mountain walls rise high into the air.



Mountain Gorge.

Across the valley, from summit to summit, extends a bridge of thin long clouds. Behind this the sun is just setting; he casts over the whole scene his evening glory, and mountains, and clouds, and valley are transfigured into a gorgeous triumphal

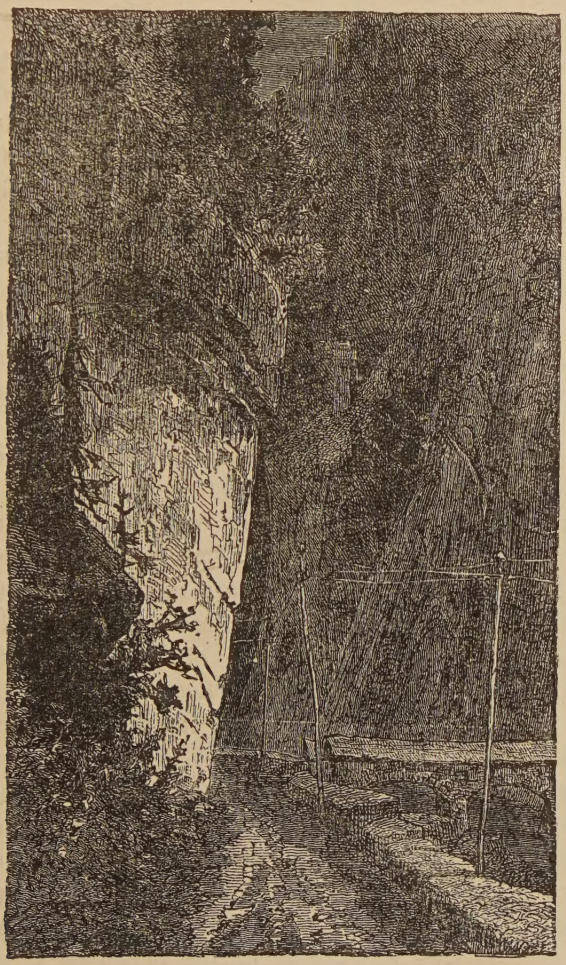
arch of purple and gold, to welcome our entrance into the home of the chamois—to the land of Tell.

It is night when we enter Zurich. Most travellers who have written about Switzerland have been so enraptured with its gigantic mountains, those natural battlements of freedom, that they have forgotten the people, or seeing them industrious, have set them down as one of the happiest and most enviable people of all Europe. A year's residence, however, in both French and German Switzerland, has given me quite another idea of the state of affairs. A person could live his lifetime there and not see the shady side, but as a missionary among the people themselves, I have had the amplest opportunity of seeing things as they are.

In the first place, politically, Switzerland is a republic, and has been vaunted to the skies. The name republic generally carries with it the idea of personal freedom, and universal interest in the affairs of the country. But in Switzerland there is more red-tapeism than in Prussia, and less political freedom. I had been over nearly one-half of the countries of Europe, and only in Switzerland was my passport demanded. A servant girl cannot go from one village to another without a pass and a permit; and I saw in no Protestant country whatever, such a sneaking terror of the law. The history of the nation has been one series of small dealings with more powerful neighbours—anything to maintain themselves in their fancied liberty. In the time of religious wars, they "stood with mercenary impartiality, ready for the cause which had the longest purse and the readiest pay." Individual character too often partakes of the narrowness of their valleys. Occasionally you find a noble character like the mountain, but few rise above the littleness of narrow selfishness.

They are industrious. Yes, they have to work like slaves to eke out an existence. Men have immense silk manufactories, and make millions out of the bones and blood of thousands of young girls of an overstocked population. They work from five in the morning until late at night, and frequently scarcely earn enough to keep soul and body together. A sturdy mason or carpenter, or other mechanic, has to work his fourteen hours a day for from sixty to eighty cents. The men work, the wives have to be slaves, the children work as soon as they are out of

the cradle, and the old women work until they fall into the grave, and yet they can hardly get potatoes and coffee enough to live on. You ask why they don't emigrate? simply because they cannot. It would take long years of tremendous labour for a



MOUNTAIN ROADWAY, SWITZERLAND.

young man to lay by a hundred dollars with which to start in the world.

In a religious point of view, they are partly Protestant and partly Roman Catholic, and the different cantons are as clearly marked off as to their religion as if the conscience were a thing

to be regulated by treaty. Protestantism has dwindled down to a mere form, the women and children go to church, while the men spend their time in wine shops. One minister near me once preached a sermon, somewhat evangelical in its tone, and then said to his audience, "That's the way the evangelicals preach; you may believe it if you like, for I don't." Most are rationalists, and very few would impress you with the idea that they were the followers of Calvin and Zwingle. Yet feeble as real religion is, the absence of popery is marked. You step over the bounds of a Protestant canton into a Roman Catholic one, and you can notice the change at once. One of the most palpable differences is in the number of beggars.

As to their morality, notwithstanding all that has been said about the sobriety of wine-growing countries, drunkenness is a very prevalent vice. You are awakened in towns by the midnight orgies of students, and in villages men squander away their time and money over their bottles, while their wives slave at home to keep their little ones from starvation.

We embark on a steamer at Zurich. The water is as clear as crystal; you can count the pebbles at the bottom. But what a motley crowd we have on board! Women, young and old, dressed in the different costumes of half a dozen cantons, and sheepish-looking men following them; monks in plenty, with kirtle and cowl and breviary. What does it mean? Why, they are on a pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin—to holy Einsiedeln, in the Canton Schwytz. Let us turn pilgrims, too, and visit the same place. We land at Rapperschwyl, and start on a three hours' tramp over the hills. The way is ever-varying, and presents at every turn new pictures of grandeur. We become enraptured at the scene, and at the conversation of a young lady pilgrim, when a little ragged urchin rushes up, gets down on his kness in the dust in a twinkling, and commences to gabble his "Vaterunser" (Our Father) as fast as a steam engine. On the way we stop to refresh ourselves at a sacred fountain, called Mainard's well, after the saint who founded the monastery to which we are going. On a sudden appear two strapping boys, with outstretched hands, begging a few centimes. A short lecture on the evils of laziness sent them skulking away. Near the end of our journey, a well-dressed, able-bodied mechanic stops our company, pulls off his hat, and says, "*armer*

Reisender," that is, "poor traveller," and he wants money, too. Instantly my hat was presented, and "*armer Reisender*" repeated. He, nonplussed, grinned a moment and then passed on.

We reach Einsiedeln, embosomed in hills, cut off from the world certainly, but somehow the world gets in. The monastery

THE TEUFELSSTEIN.

is a fine large building, from the beginning of the last century. The village has some 3,000 inhabitants, and it is said that 150,000 pilgrims come annually to worship the image of the Virgin and Child in the church. The figures are perfectly black, and clothed in the richest array of jewellery and gold. There are great rows of confessional stalls, where the faithful

kneel. On the wall, near the door, are suspended scores of expressions of thanks for prayers answered and favours received. Such as, "To God and His mother, the holy Mary, we give thanks for the restoration of a sick cow;" and many others of a similar character. In front of the building is a fountain, with seven spouts, out of one of which it is said the Saviour drank, but which one it is, no one knows, as each pilgrim drinks from all, to be sure of drinking from the one the Saviour used. The great business of the place consists in the sale of rosaries and other religious paraphernalia.

We now post back to Zurich, and take the train for Coire. We pass along the picturesque lake, then through the valley connecting it with the smaller but grander lake of Wallenstadt. Through the picturesque valley of Ragatz we reach Chur, or Coire. Here we find the Rhine again. A little further up it divides into two branches—one may be traced to the glaciers of St. Gothard's Pass, and the other to the Splugen. The latter one we will follow.

But my companions and I ran off into the country first, and came to Thusis, on the river, some distance further up. At the mouth of this valley is the little hamlet of Zillis, with its quaint old mill and broad-eaved houses, shown in our frontispiece. We chose the round-about way, because more romantic and less frequented. The road led up the mountain side, and we enjoyed a constantly-varying view of city and valley. We scorn a guide, and attempt to find the way ourselves. The route was of surpassing grandeur; unseen rivers rolled far below our feet; mountains towered aloft on the other side of the valley, their snowy peaks now turned to carnation in the evening sun.

But evening came on apace, and we were not where we expected to be. The way becomes almost pathless; we have lost ourselves. Well it was for us then that the friendly moon shone through the flitting clouds, for often the way was but a foot or two wide, with rocky, jagged precipices running down on the one hand to unknown depths, and on the other hand stood the limestone wall, towering far above our heads. At last, late in the night, weary and footsore, we found the place of our destination, thankful to a good Providence that our day's adventure had ended so well.

Thusis lies on the Rhine, at the mouth of one of its tributaries,

the Nolla. The scene from a bridge over this river, up the two valleys, is indescribable—so grand and yet so charming. From Thusis we follow the course of the Rhine through the "Via Mala." This is one of the most romantic parts of the trip. We pass through on the top of a diligence; the precipices rise perpendicularly on either side, and the river has cut a narrow bed deep down in the rock below. We pass sometimes through tunnels and sometimes through overhanging rock. (See cut on page 199.) We cross over three successive bridges, from one side of the valley to the other, and from each bridge we have a view up and down, and a little glimpse of sunshine. Sometimes the rock almost closed over the river, and then again it formed a wider basin. Now the whole gorge opens out into a wide valley, and then closes up again.

At last we are through—the mountains recede on either side. The Rhine is now near, bounding over boulders and precipices, forming picturesque miniature falls. Soon we can step across the little stream, and now we bid the Rhine adieu.

Amid this wild and savage mountain scenery, the sternness of nature seems to have imparted a sinister character to the peasant imagination. Hence many of the more terrific features of the scenery bear the name of the enemy of mankind, and some weird legend connects them with his actions. Thus we have the "Teufelsbrucke," the "Teufelsthal," the "Teufelsstein," the latter a huge boulder, which it was felt no human agency could have placed in its strange position. (See cut on page 201.)

We come to the village of Splugen, at the foot of the pass of the same name; here we stop to change horses, then on again, now steadily upwards. We advance very slowly; the way is a constant zigzag up the mountain side. Soon we get above the trees altogether, to where grass and heather alone are to be seen. The view over valley and far-stretching mountain range grows wider and grander. Then night cast her veil over the scene. We can see northward over Switzerland into Schwabenland, and southward as far as Milan:—

"The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came."

We reach the summit and pass into Italy. Cold is the mountain night air, and we get inside the diligence. But now the motion is changed. Instead of a slow, laboured walk, the horses seem to have commenced a mad run down hill. The scene by night would have been to weak nerves fearful. There lay the dark deep valley below us, into which we seem madly rushing. The way is zigzag again. The window is one moment against the mountain side, and then jerked suddenly round so as to look over the depth of the valley. You would almost imagine that the speed at which we were going would sweep the diligence and all into the chasm, when whirling around the corners of the zigzag. We stop at last at Chiavenna.

Chiavenna, or Clavenna, as the Romans of old called it, is situated at the junction of three valleys, each rich in the beauties of Italian landscape. The grape is now cultivated on long vines, trained over frames and lattice-work, and large, long bunches of the luscious fruit hang temptingly suspended from the branches. We start on foot for Lake Como. We descend rapidly. Italy's dark blue sky is overhead. Another river now marks our way. Stone walls along the roadside are alive with lithe lizards. Chestnut groves wave in the balmy breeze, and we are charmed with the black eye and coy look of many a barefooted Italian damsel, sometimes kneeling at the image of a wayside shrine.

We reach the lake, and continue our walk along its edge as far as Bellano. Let us spend Sunday here. Bellano is nearly half-way down the narrow, long lake; just below it forks off into two branches, one running to Como and the other to Lecco. We can see the opposite shore distinctly, and can count the villages on the water's edge, and the tasteful villas, half-hidden in groves of chestnut, orange, and fig. The breeze comes over the cool fresh water of the placid lake, rich with the fragrance of the mountain forest, blended with that of the fruit-laden hillside. Softest strains of the guitar and human voice float over the balcony where we sit, gazing at the scene.

I don't wonder at all at the fact that Italians are lazy. I defy any man to be anything else, amid the charms of a Como autumn. However, it is Sunday, and we must go to church. The women and a few of the men get inside the building, ornamented with none too much taste. But most of the young men get there just in time to meet some Mariana or Juliette. Juliette comes

with her devout air, and a long white veil thrown over her head, floating down on her Sunday suit. The matrons have black instead of white veils, but in either case the features are distinctly seen.

Monday morning we take the boat southward, and visit in turn Lugano and Maggiore lakes. Lugano is smaller, but grander, and Maggiore is larger, but, to my mind, less attractive than Como. At the time of the Reformation, hundreds of exiles fled over the mountains to Zurich and Lucerne. 'Tis near sunset as we reach the Adriatic. Venice lies detached from the mainland, built on about a hundred islands. The sun descends behind the hills, tinging domes and palace walls with evening's red, as over the city rises the full-orbed moon. From the railway cars we step into a gondola. Silently, quickly we glide along until we reach our hotel. The sun has now departed, and the moon rules the night. Our window looks out on the piazetta, the largest square in the city. On three sides it is surrounded by royal buildings. Facing the fourth are the Cathedral of St. Mark, in its Oriental splendour, and the famed old Palace of the Doges. Music in the centre of this square attracts the youth and beauty of Venice to an evening's promenade. We also take a walk by moonlight. After a short scrutiny of the moving crowd, we stray away to the water's edge. No rattle of wheel is ever heard, nor the tramp of horses' feet, only the tread of the foot passenger and the ripple of the water on the stones. We see far over the sea level, where palace is piled on palace, all seemingly floating in the silvered wave. Two immense granite pillars, supporting the winged lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore's crocodile, cast long shadows over the esplanade; and the Bridge of Sighs, connecting the Palace of the Doges with the dark prison-house behind, throws a weird shade on the wall, and the canal lies silent below. We seem to be transported to dreamland. But daylight tells a different tale. The palaces are defaced and decaying, the beautiful Palace of the Doges, with its dungeons and instruments of cruelty, tell of a dark side in the history of this, at one time, Queen of Republics. Three tall flagstaffs still stand on the piazetta, whence once waved the banners of conquered kings. The cathedral is built of marble and ornamented with mosaic, the spoils of almost every clime. But Venice is now a city of beggars.

PARIS FROM A BALLOON.

My last view of the fair City of Paris, the evening before I left it, was a bird's-eye view from the car of the balloon "Geant," which ascended from the Place des Tuileries. The French manage this sort of thing admirably. A large space was enclosed by a high fence, above which the monster form of the balloon could be seen, tugging like a new Prometheus at his chains. Indeed, the huge swaying mass, over a hundred feet high, was a conspicuous object far and near. On paying a small admission fee, one enters the enclosure, where an excellent band is discoursing choice music. Those who wish to make the ascent purchase tickets—price two dollars—at an office. These tickets are all numbered consecutively, and one can enter the car only in the order in which his number is called. I had the pleasure of waiting a couple of hours for my turn. I came within three of getting a place, but had to wait for the next ascent. The same rule holds good for omnibuses. As soon as twelve persons enter, a placard marked "*complet*," is exhibited, and no one need seek admission. An enterprising tourist, not quite perfect in the language, complained that he went to every place in Paris except to *Complet*, as the omnibuses for that place were always full.

The balloon was tethered to the earth by a strong cable, as thick as a man's arm, which was coiled on a huge drum, turned by two engines of three hundred horse-power. Its diameter was thirty-six yards, and its contents of gas 25,000 cubic yards. It ascended about 1,800 feet, and took up fifty persons at a time. The cable was carried from the drum underground, to the centre of a large sunk space, or pit in the ground, into which the car descended. A gangway was run out from the edge of the pit to the car, by which one went on board.

The strangest sensation about the ascent was, to use a Hibernian privilege, the utter absence of all sensation. The car seemed to be absolutely motionless, without the least jar or tremour,* but the earth seemed silently to sink and sink, "as if

* In being hauled down, however, the balloon tugs like a huge giant at his chains, and sways about in the wind. A few days after I ascended it

the bottom had fallen out of everything," as some one expressed it. The horizon gradually rose higher and higher, and the city sank, till it looked like a great shallow saucer, rising to the level of the eye on every side. I had been told that the earth was convex, but if I would believe the testimony of my eyes, I

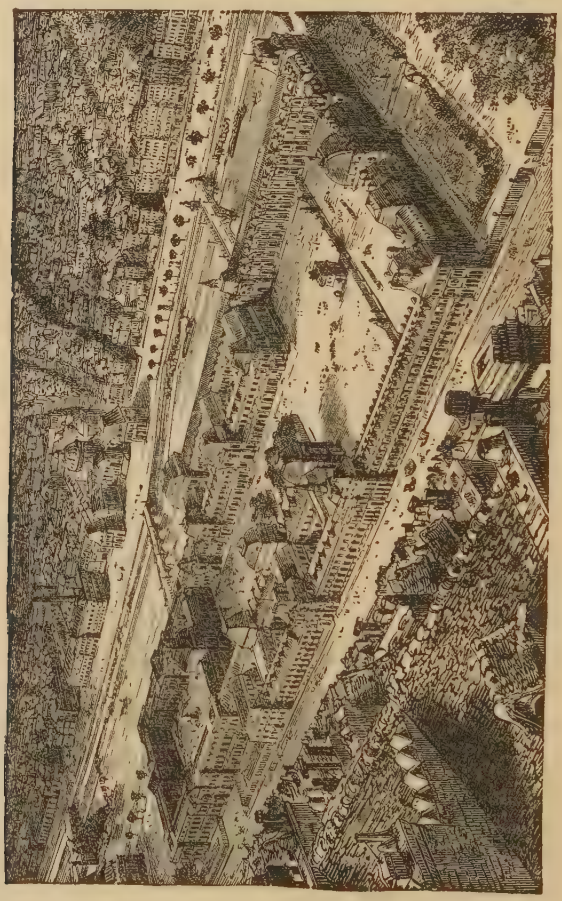
THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

would be sure that it was a great concave disc. I suppose I did not get up high enough to perceive its true convexity.

But what tongue or pen could describe the beauty of the scene! It was about an hour before sunset, and the mellow

fell over on its side, was caught by the wind, and badly torn, and has not since been used. As each passenger left the balloon, he was presented with an elegant gilt medal and riband as a *souvenir* of the ascent.

light bathed every object in a flood of pale gold. The grand avenue of the Champs Elysees, shown in our engraving on page 207, stretching for more than a mile, was thronged with carriages, and with gaily-dressed promenaders, and the fountains flashed like diamonds in the sun.



Palace of the Tuileries and Louvre.

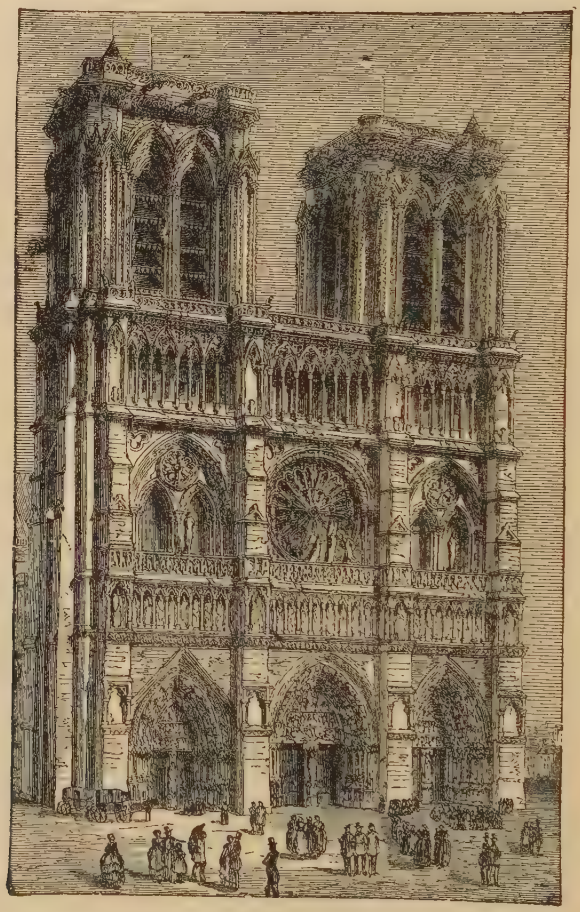
Higher and higher we rose, till the city lay spread out like a map beneath the feet. It looked like a toy city, or like the models of the French seaports and arsenals, which are shown in the Musee de Marine, in the Louvre. Each street and square, the river with its quays and bridges; the old historic piles—the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, and Louvre, were directly beneath the eye. The latter group—the noblest palace in the world—

is shown, as seen from the balloon, in the cut on the opposite page.

It was to me a great satisfaction that this monument of royal tyranny, from whose window the craven Charles IX. fired an arquebuse at his own subjects, as the signal of the dread massacre of St. Bartholomew, is no longer the palace of kings, but of the people whom they so long oppressed. The private apartments of once mighty despots, and the boudoirs of queens, are open to the poorest in the land. The accumulated treasures of art, in value beyond a monarch's ransom, may be studied and re-studied and copied at leisure, by whomsoever will. There, on the island of the Seine, rise the venerable towers of Notre Dame. During the seven long centuries through which it has watched over the city at its feet, what chances and changes it has seen! But none were more strange than that of November 10th, 1793, when, by the hands of blaspheming atheists, the venerable pile was converted into a "Temple of Reason," and the image of the Virgin was replaced by the misnamed Statue of Liberty. In the choir sat enthroned the ballet-dancer Maillard, hailed amid reeking orgies as the Goddess of Reason. It is a strange retribution, that only a few years ago this wretched creature died in extreme old age, in a garret, amid poverty, hunger, and squalor.

The Communists, in 1871, left their mark on the ancient church, rifled its treasury, made it a depôt for arms, and, when driven from the city, set it on fire. In its sacristy are shown, as among its most sacred relics, the blood-stained robes of Archbishop Darboy, murdered by the Commune. The façade, dating from the thirteenth century, shown in the cut on page 210, is very noble. The great rose-window in the centre is forty-two feet in diameter, and, from the interior, gleams with a glory of many-coloured lights. Above the central door is a vivid representation of the Last Judgment. In the arches of the doors are carved effigies of six hundred saints—among them St. Denis, carrying his head in his hand. Above are noble statues of twenty-eight of the kings of France. In the tower is one of the largest bells in Christendom, whose heavy boom has often been the tocsin of terror to a million hearts. As I attended the evening vespers and heard the organ peal through the vaulted aisles, I thought of the many *Te Deums* for famous victories, and of the marriage and funeral pomps that had there been celebrated.

Yonder, its gilded dome gleaming against the deep blue sky, rises the Church *Des Invalides*—the mausoleum of the first Napoleon—the noblest, I think, I ever saw. In the centre of a large circular crypt sunk in the marble floor, lies the huge sarcophagus, hewn out of a single block of Finland granite,

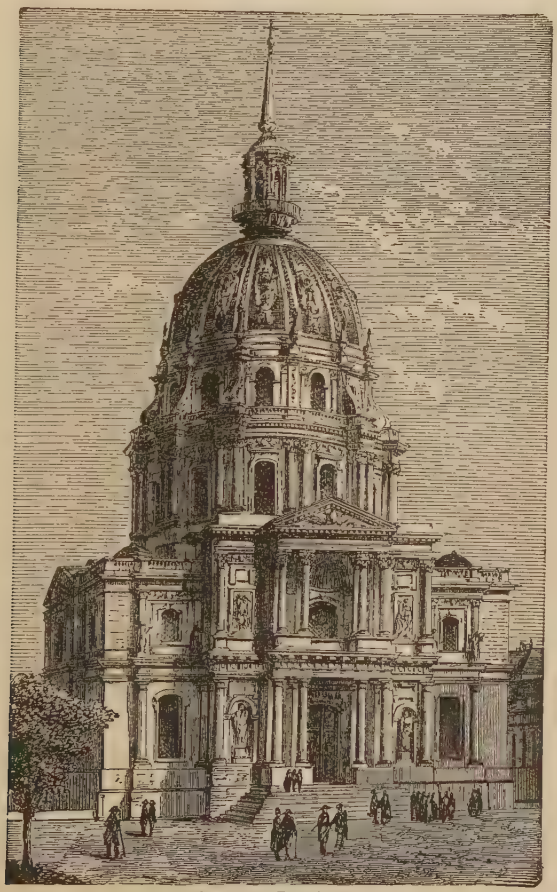


Church of Notre Dame.

weighing sixty-seven tons. Twelve colossal marble Victories, with wreath and palm, guard the dust of that stormy heart, now still for ever, which shook all Europe with its throbs. A faint bluish light streams down from the lofty dome, and the sombre

aspect of the crypt and its surroundings contribute greatly to the solemn grandeur of the scene.

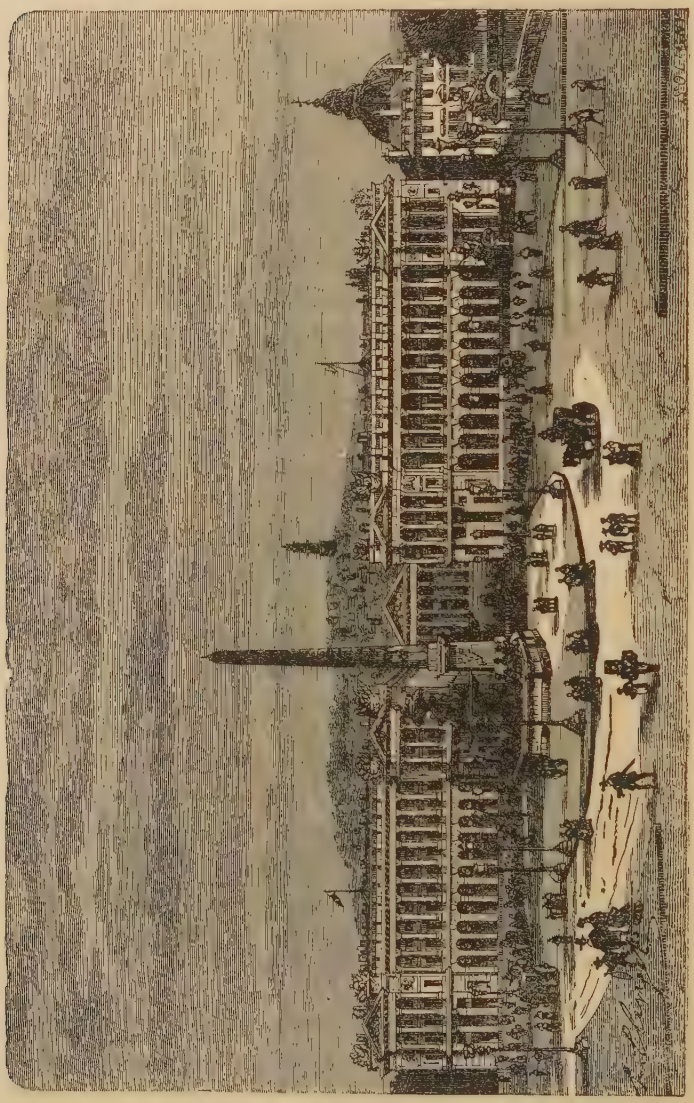
One of the most memorable squares in Paris is the *Place de la Concorde,* which lies stretched beneath the eye. Here some of the most tragic scenes of the Revolution have taken place. Here,



Dôme des Invalides.

on January 21st, the guillotine began its bloody work with the execution of Louis XVI. Then, in swift succession, followed the judicial murders of his ill-fated and lovely queen, Marie Antoinette; his sister, Madame Elizabeth, and Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orléans; and here, too, the arch-conspirator Robespierre, with many of his companions in crime, met a stern retribution.

Nearly three thousand persons in all here became the victims of that tremendous social earthquake, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust, and shook all Europe with its throes.



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

And here, within the last eight years, were renewed, in the wild orgies of the Commune, the darkest tragedies of the Reign of Terror. The crumbling and crannied walls of the Tuileries,

blackened and blasted with fire, the seat of the pomp and pride of the late Empire, look down upon the stately palace-garden—a striking proof of the mutability of earthly greatness.

It was proposed to erect here a large fountain on the spot where the scaffold of Louis XVI. had stood, but Chateaubriand denounced the scheme, declaring that all the water in the world could not suffice to remove the bloodstains that polluted the place.

The obelisk shown in the cut on page 212, was brought from Luxor, in Upper Egypt, and erected in 1836, at a cost of two million francs. It is a single stone, 76 feet high, and weighs 240 tons. The building in the background is that of the Corps Législatif—the scene of the stormy debates of the French Assembly.

One of the most interesting buildings in the neighbourhood of Paris is the venerable Church of St. Denis, shown in the cut on page 214. It is claimed that a chapel was erected here about the year 275 A.D., over the grave of St. Dionysius, or St. Denis, the first bishop of Paris, who suffered martyrdom on the Montmartre, with two companions. The tomb became a place of pilgrimage, and the present church dates from 1121. The façade shows the old Norman arch. It is chiefly remarkable, however, as being the burial-place of the kings of France from Dagobert, died 638, to Louis XV., died 1774. Within these venerable walls the Maid of Orleans hung up her arms, 1429. Here Henry IV. abjured the Protestant faith, 1593. And here Napoleon I. was married to the Arch-duchess Marie Louise, 1810. During the Reign of Terror, the wall of the crypt was broken through, and the bodies of the illustrious dead of a thousand years were thrown into a common ditch dug in the neighbourhood. It was remarked, as a retribution of Providence, that this took place just one hundred years, to a day, after Louis XIV. had caused the violation of the graves of the German Emperors at Spires, and that the names of the overseers of both acts of sacrilege were the same.

The view of the far-winding Seine, of the grand environment of the city, of the girdle of forts which seem almost impregnably to defend it, will not soon be forgotten. Afar in the distance, more visible to the mind's eye than to that of the body, is the famous Chateau and Forest of Fontainebleau—the scene of much of the grandeur and the guilt of the royal line of France. On

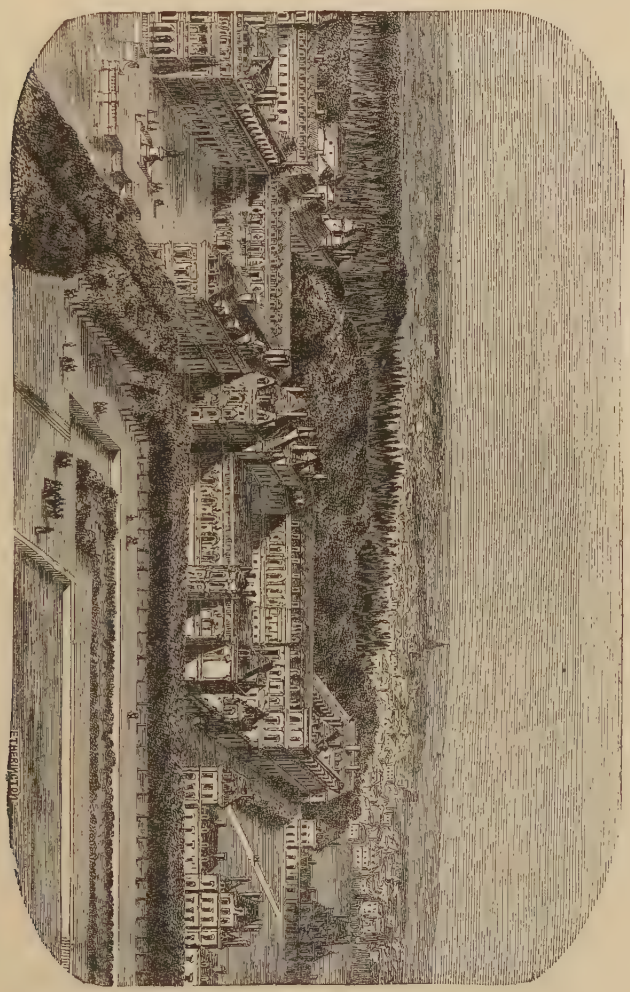
page 215 is given a view of the many courts and galleries of the palaces, and part of the engirdling forest. It was Francis I. who converted a mediæval fortress into a palace of almost unparalleled extent and magnificence. Here, in 1685, Louis XIV. signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and thereby passed a sentence of exile or death on a million of his subjects. Here

Church of St. Denis.

died the great Condé in 1680; here the sentence of divorce was pronounced against the Empress Josephine, 1809; and here, as if by a divine retribution, after a few short years of guilt and splendour, which plunged all Europe into blood, Napoleon signed his abdication, 1814.

The glory of Fontainebleau, however, is its forest—a royal chase

fifty miles in circumference, embracing 42,500 acres. Its broken surface, magnificent timber, and picturesque gorges make it the delight of the artist and lover of nature. But now, thank God, it is no longer the heritage of tyrant kings, but, as the property



CHATEAU OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

of the nation, is open to the poorest hind. Time brings its revenges. The dynasties of despots have yielded to the rights of the long down-trodden people.

LIFE IN A PARSONAGE;

OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF THE ITINERANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE KING'S MESSENGER."

CHAPTER XXIV.—ABOUT BOOKS.

"God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages."—*Channing*—"On Self Culture."

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond. . . . As good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are."—*Milton*—"Areopagitica."

"Out of the old fieldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all of this new corn fro' yere to yere,
And out of olde bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this new science that men lere."
—*Chaucer*—"The Assembly of Foules."

We turn now to a pleasanter episode in the life and experience of the inmates of the Fairview parsonage. Under the inspiration of the sympathy and efforts of the pastor, and especially of his wife, who threw her whole soul into this labour of love, the Sunday-school became a very successful institution. It was a factor of great importance in the educational, religious, and social life of the community. The great want of a country neighbourhood is frequently the lack of books and other mental stimuli. In most houses the supply of books is limited to a few old heirlooms, a few school-books, and some cheap and showily-bound subscription books, which lie conspicuously on the parlour table, but are never read. The secular newspaper is the chief intellectual food of the adult population; and it is often filled with little else than bitter partizan politics.

The late Superintendent of Public Instruction in Ontario, the great and good Dr. Ryerson—one of the truest, noblest, and most intelligent of patriots that ever blessed with his life and labours any land—endeavoured to supply this lack of good reading by establishing, in connection with the public schools of the country, libraries of standard authors. And this plan was in many cases a great success, and the masterpieces of English

literature—the grandest legacy of the past to the present—thus found their way into many homes where they would otherwise have been unknown. And doubtless many an active, eager schoolboy has had awakened, by contact with these immortal minds, an insatiable thirst for knowledge, which has led him to drink deep at the Pierian spring. But in many cases, through apathy on the part of the people, or through lack of judgment in the selection of the books, or of adaptation in the means employed in their circulation, they remained an ineffective force, confined, like spirits in prison, in seldom opened cases.

The Sunday-schools of the country have hitherto largely supplied this lack of books. There is no other agency which puts in circulation such a number. And, notwithstanding the sneer sometimes heard at the average Sunday-school book, there is, in the aggregate, no other collection of such magnitude containing so much that is good and so little that is bad. It is, however, of necessity limited in its range, and rather juvenile in character to meet the wants of an entire community.

Lawrence endeavoured to partially meet this felt want by organizing a reading club in connection with the Good Templars' lodge which he had established. A committee had been formed, which, at his suggestion, ordered a number of the leading magazines and periodicals of the day, both of Canada, Great Britain, and the United States; and representing the several political parties, and agricultural and manufacturing interests. It was astonishing what interest the expenditure of a few dollars in this way added to life in that village community. The membership of the lodge increased, and farmers' and mechanics' boys, instead of discussing horse-trots or prize-fights, took an intelligent interest in the experiments of agricultural chemistry, and the new applications of electricity described in the *Scientific American;* and all classes followed eagerly the progress of the Ashantee war and American Secession in the *Illustrated London News* and *Harper's Weekly.*

Lawrence felt, however, that this organization was constructed on too narrow a basis—that it confined to a limited membership what he desired should benefit the entire community. He endeavoured, therefore, to establish in connection with the Church a lending library of books of a higher grade than those in the Sunday-school library. In this he was only partially

successful. Some of the old-fashioned members objected to these new-fangled notions. To provide books of history and travel and science was not the work of the Church, they said, and was a departure from the usages of early Methodism. In this they were egregiously mistaken. For this is the very work to which John Wesley, with his broad comprehension of view, devoted much labour and care, compiling with his own hand grammars, histories, and books of science, and employing an efficient organization for their distribution among the people.

Lawrence, indeed, formed in connection with the Church, a society for mutual improvement, by the reading of essays and criticisms on the books in the lending library. But, while it was very beneficial to those who took part, it was limited in its range, and struggled against the discouragements and apathy of many who ought to have given it both sympathy and support.

"I don't see where the money's to come from for all this," said Brother Manning, the careful Circuit Steward. "People hev only so much to give, and if they give it all for this gim-crackery they won't hev none left to pay the preacher."

"We allers got along well enough without sich things," said Mrs. Marshall, "an' if boys larns how to plough and harrer, and gals how to make good butter and cheese, I don't see what they want with so much book larnin'"

At length Lawrence hit upon the happy idea of appealing to the co-operation of the entire community—embracing all the Churches, and even those who belonged to no Church, to organize a Mechanics' Institute, with library, reading-room, and winter night classes. He first broached his idea to Messrs. Malcolm & McIntyre, the proprietors of the large foundry in the village. They were intelligent Scotch Presbyterians, and knew the value of trained intellects in mechanical employment. They fell in with the plan at once, and offered a hundred dollars to carry out the scheme, on condition that their apprentices should have the benefit of the classes and library free.

"I have no doubt it will be a good investment," the senior partner shrewdly remarked, "and we shall get our money back in improved labour."

Lawrence then went to the large agricultural implement works of Messrs. Spokes & Felloes, who were staunch Church of England men, and they were not to be outdone by their Presbyterian

rivals, so they also subscribed a hundred dollars under similar conditions. Seeing what these had done, two Methodist storekeepers came down handsomely, and even a Roman Catholic employer of labour contributed liberally. Thus one of the very first results of the effort was to enlist men of different religious views and feelings in a common object, for the general benefit of the community. The reeve and council of the village placed at the service of the new organization a room in the town hall, and at a meeting of the friends and supporters of the scheme, Lawrence was unanimously elected President of the Fairview Mechanics' Institute.

This office he did not covet, but he did not feel at liberty to decline it, and devoted himself with energy to the discharge of its duties. A library committee was organized, book catalogues were studied, and a selection was made of the most important standard authors in history, travel, and science, not excluding a certain amount of select fiction and poetry—the great masters of this department of literature. In consideration of the large order, the wholesale dealer at Toronto gave a large discount, and Father Lowery brought out the heavy boxes from the railway station without charge. Their arrival made a great sensation in the village. They were the topic of universal conversation. When the books were placed upon the shelves, a public meeting was held to inaugurate the institution. The reeve, a plain man of few words, occupied the chair.

"I can't make a speech," he said, "but I believe in this thing, and here's ten dollars toward its support. When I was young books were scarce, but I am glad that my boys will have a better chance than I had."

On the platform were the Church of England, Presbyterian, and Methodist ministers, a thing that had never happened before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

After the speeches, the audience adjourned to the library to see the books. Most of them had never beheld so many before, and not a few mentally exclaimed with Domine Sampson, "Prodeegious!"

"Law sakes!" said Mrs. Marshall, "I didn't think there wuz so many books in the world afore. Who writ 'em all, I wonder."

"Well, our preacher kinder sot his heart on a-gettin' of 'em," said Brother Manning, the thrifty Circuit Steward; "though how

it's a-goin' to benefit him, I don't see. But it won't take nothin' off his salary as t'other plan would."

After the novelty of the thing wore off, however, it required considerable effort to keep up the interest, and especially to provide funds for the necessary expenses. So Lawrence arranged a course of lectures on popular science and literature, giving the first himself, and inviting the local clergy and ministers from abroad to take part in the course. These awakened so much interest, and were so largely attended, that, as the crowning event of the series, he decided to invite the greatest living orator of the English-speaking race—William Morley Punshon—alas! that we can no longer speak of him as a *living* orator!—to give his great lecture on "Daniel in Babylon." This great man, who had an ardent sympathy for every intellectual and moral movement, kindly accepted the invitation. The town hall was crowded, outside as well as within—if we may use an Hibernian privilege of speech. He employed his matchless powers, and put forth his best efforts, to please and edify that village audience, as much as if he were addressing the cultured thousands of Exeter Hall. The distinguished lecturer made his home at the parsonage, and exhibited his high-bred courtesy amid its humble accommodations no less than when entertained in the palatial homes which were everywhere open to him.

As Lawrence handed him his lecture fee, which was much less than the usual amount, he generously handed back half of it.

"I must charge some fee," he said, "or I should be overrun with engagements to help those who will do nothing to help themselves; besides, I like the luxury of honestly earning money and spending it as my conscience and judgment suggest."

Opinion in the village was somewhat divided as to the greatness and character of the man.

Mrs. Marshall, when she saw him playing croquet on the lawn with Lawrence and his wife and Carrie Mason, rolled up her eyes in holy horror, and vowed that she wouldn't hear such a man as that preach or lecture on any account.* Do you really

* Lawrence found it expedient to lock up his croquet set, which he got for the benefit of his wife's health—not that he thought there was anything wrong in its use, but to prevent the cavils of foolish and unreasonable men and women.

think he is a good man?" she asked Mrs. Manning the next day.

"Do I think so? I know so," was the emphatic reply. "I never heard a sermon that so took hold o' me as that lecture. As he described Dan'l a-prayin' toward Jerusalem, with all the windows open, and then throw'd into the lion's den, 'pears like I could just see the hull thing; and when he recited that poetry, well, I never heard nothin' like it."

"I don't know," said Uncle Jabez, "'pears to me that old Ezra Adams, and William Ryerson, and Henry Wilkinson, wuz as good preachers as he is. He didn't make me shout 'Hallelujah!' onct, and I've often been shoutin' happy when Elder Case or Ezra Adams preached."

Said sweet Carrie Mason, all her soul beaming in her eyes as she described the lecture to her invalid mother: "As he recited—

> 'Cleon hath a thousand acres,
> Ne'er a one have I,'

I saw a before undreamt-of meaning in the lines. Why, words are living things as he uses them; they thrill and throb with feeling till it is almost pain to hear."

"He aint no slouch of a preacher," said Jim Larkins to an admiring throng in the bar-room of the Dog and Gun. "He can e'en a'most make your hair stand on end. He beats a stage playin' feller I see onct at the theayter up to Toronto all to bits. But hang him and the Methody parson and their institoot, they're gettin' all the boys up there to their readin'-room o' nights. But my last trick aint played yet. I'm a-goin' to get a brand new billiard table, and I'll give free drinks to all the boys as play. That'll fetch 'em, I guess, better than their old books and papers."

We are happy, however, to say that Jim Larkins was only partially successful in luring back to his lair those who had tasted the attraction of higher intellectual enjoyments. The billiard table came and the free drinks were given; but, as the result of the intellectual stimulus of the library, a news-stand was established in part of the post-office, and more books and papers were sold in Fairview in a month than there had before been in a year.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE EXCURSION.

"The Lake of the Isles!
How it sleeps with the islands embracing it round
In its beautiful silvery silence profound!
The sweet charm of content is upon it, unbroken
By sound of unrest, or the presence or token
Of man.
And all nature has donned the adornings
Of beauty, and wears them with grace like a queen.
Every islet seems glad in its garments of green;
And the far-away hills of the mainland are beaming
With brightness against the blue sky."
—"Geraldine—A Souvenir of the St. Lawrence."

One of the most marked effects on the village community of the establishment of the Mechanics' Institute, was its influence in uniting all classes, irrespective of denominational lines, in promoting one common object. In the amateur concerts and other entertainments which were gotten up, the adherents of the different Churches met on a common ground. Lawrence invited Father Mahan, the parish priest, and the rector of the Anglican Church, together with the Presbyterian minister, to act on the committee of management, and was greatly gratified to find that they recognized the importance of the movement, and cordially agreed to bear their share of responsibility in promoting it. One Roman Catholic family of culture rendered such valuable musical aid at these concerts that Lawrence called personally to thank them, and became an occasional and welcome visitor at their hospitable home. Here he sometimes met Father Mahan, and found him to be a genial Irish gentleman, whose prejudice against the Methodists evidently melted as he became better acquainted with them.

The bane of small communities when divided into sectarian parties, is a narrowness and rancour of feeling that warps the judgment and embitters the character. Anything that will remove this sentiment, and broaden the sympathies and mutual charity of those who should be good neighbours and friends, is to be desired; and nothing will so accomplish this result as united effort in any common moral, or philanthropic movement.

About this time the Government of the Province, in order to encourage such an important educational influence as the growth

of Mechanics' Institutes and classes, made legislative provision for the granting of aid from the public chest to these Institutes, in proportion to the work accomplished. To take advantage of this offer, it was necessary to raise and expend a considerable amount of money. In order to raise this amount, Lawrence and his co-labourers resolved to get up a grand excursion to a famous picnic-ground at the further end of the beautiful Lac de Baume. The whole country side was invited, a band of music was engaged, and a steamboat chartered for the occasion. The public responded warmly to the invitation. The village reeve proclaimed a public holiday in honour of the event. It was the first time Fairview had ever had the opportunity for such a pleasant excursion. A numerous company assembled from far and near—country boys, looking uncomfortably warm in their Sunday clothes—they soon overcame the difficulty, however, by taking off their coats, and going about in their shirt-sleeves —and country girls, looking delightfully cool in their muslin dresses and pretty ribbons. The hour had come for departure, and still the boat did not move. There was some unaccountable "hitch" in the proceedings. At length the captain, a rough-tongued, red-faced fellow, recently promoted from "bossing" a lumber-barge, appeared from his office, roundly declaring that the boat should not move a fathom till the two hundred dollars charterage was paid. Here was an embarrassing predicament. The committee were depending on the fares to be collected to pay this sum. Lawrence had not two hundred dollars in the world; and in the hurry and confusion knew not whom to ask to lend it. As he stood in embarrassed colloquy with the captain, up came Mr. Malcolm, of Malcolm & McIntyre, and inquired the cause of the delay.

"I want's my money afore I starts this boat," said the captain gruffly, "that's what's the matter."

"You do, eh!" replied Mr. Malcolm. "You might wait till you do your work first. But you had better pay him at once, and have done with it," he said to Lawrence.

"So I would, but I haven't the money," replied our hero, feeling the burdens of his presidency heavier than he had anticipated.

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it?" said the wealthy manufacturer. "We must try to raise the wind somehow;" and taking his

cheque-book from his pocket, he wrote a cheque for the amount. "Will that do?" he asked, as he handed it to the captain.

"That will raise the steam, if not the wind," said the captain, as he put the cheque into his greasy wallet. "Halloa there, all aboard! cast off the head-line!" and taking his stand by the wheel-house, he rang the signal-bell, the wheels began to revolve, and the steamer moved on its watery way.

Except this somewhat disconcerting episode at starting, the excursion was a great success. The sun shone gloriously. A slight breeze cooled the air. The steamer, with its happy human freight, glided, swan-like, in and out among the archipelago of islands, each mirrored in all its midsummer loveliness in the placid lake. Into a sequestered bay—as quiet, seemingly, as if in some primeval world before the advent of man—the steamer glided, and the merry and hungry party disembarked for dinner. A return to the out-of-door life and primitive instincts of the race is, for a time at least, a treat that all enjoy. The gentlemen built camp-fires; the ladies, gypsy-wise, made tea or coffee; hampers were unpacked, and ample provision made for eager appetites.

> There the trees
> Made a murmurous music as stirred by the breeze;
> The half-silence was sweet with the odours of flowers;
> And pretty green islets, like shyly-hid bowers,
> Slept there in the sun, with their green garments trailing
> The water that kissed them, and seemed as if sailing
> Adown a green river to seas undiscovered
> By mortal. Some saint of the beautiful hovered
> About the rare spot and enchanted it.
> Verily,
> Dinner out-doors should be eaten quite merrily
> Ever; for half of the pleasure you take in it
> Lies in the jovial mirth that you make in it.

After dinner there were speeches, music, and games. Some went fishing in sequestered nooks—the golden sunfish flashing in the crystal wave, the ladies screaming with mingled sympathy and coquetry when one would swallow the bait and soon lie floundering and gasping out his life at their feet—only too true a picture, said the bachelor schoolmaster, of the way they treat the human victims, whom he accused them of angling for. Some sitting in Watteau-like groups, crowned each other with iris and

water-lilies and cardinal flowers. Others went wandering down the green forest aisles, as in the poet's pictures of Arcadian days, when the bright world was young. Thus, like a dream of beauty, the day glided swiftly by.

The lengthening shadows were creeping over wave and shore before the happy isle was left; and in the golden haze and rich after-glow of sunset, the steamer glided on her way, over what appeared like a sea of glass mingled with fire. Lawrence had the pleasure of repaying Mr. Malcolm the temporary loan which had been so opportunely tendered, and had still a handsome surplus left for the benefit of the Institute.

The shades of night were falling fast as the steamer approached the landing-place, and the happiness of the day came near being turned into sorrow by what might have been a dreadful tragedy. As the passengers were leaving the boat, some how or other, no one knew how, a little girl got separated from her friends and fell into the water. A gallant sailor immediately plunged after her, but in the gathering darkness could not at first find her. Soon, however, he lifted her up on the landing-stage, amid the cheers of the crowd of passengers. As the half-distracted father folded the dripping child in his arms, she was heard to sob out:

"Oh, papa! I'm all *wet!*"

The ludicrous concern of the half-drowned child for her spoiled holiday dress and ribbons, relieved the painful tension of feeling, and smiles ran round the company, but now in tears of sympathy.

But not yet was the chapter of accidents ended. The landing-stage was not a regular wharf, but a floating barge, from which a long gangway, forming part of the boom of the saw-mill, led to the shore. On one side of this were a number of floating saw-logs, slabs, and bark from the mill, so that the surface of the water was covered, and the edge of the gangway was not clearly defined. In the excitement consequent on the rescue of the child, Carrie Mason, who had been one of the blithest and merriest maidens of the happy company, stepped off the edge and instantly sank out of sight beneath the dark water. If she should come up under the logs, she might be drowned before help could be rendered. Lawrence took in the situation at a glance, and his old log-driving experience came to his help. He sprang upon one of the floating logs, and though it spun rapidly round under him, he maintained his footing till he caught sight

of the white dress appearing through the dark water, when he sprang in and supported the fainting girl in one strong arm, while with the other he swam ashore. A dozen stalwart fellows waded in to relieve him of his precious burden, impelled not only by common humanity, but by a stronger feeling; for sweet Carrie Mason was, for her beauty, her goodness, her orphan helplessness, the favourite of the village. She was borne tenderly to her widowed mother's house. The invalid started up with dilated eyes and pallid cheeks, as her daughter, the light of her eyes, the soul of her soul, was carried in, looking whiter than even her snow-white dress.

"I'm not hurt, mother dear," said the brave girl, turning her violet eyes, full of love, on her idolized parent. "I only fell into the water, and will be all right to-morrow."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the widow devoutly, throwing herself on her knees beside her child. "I thought that you were dead;" and with the strong reaction of feeling she burst into tears.

Out of respect for her emotion, all present retired except Edith Temple and the good neighbour who had borne the widow company. Carrie was not "all right" the next day, nor the next. And as we shall see, very tragical results were yet to follow from this accident.

Aroused from their apathy by the double accident, the town council constructed a wharf to accommodate the occasional vessels that called.

The Mechanics' Institute, through the wise expenditure of the money received from the excursion, were able to take advantage of the liberal offer of the Government, and obtain a grant of $400, which, with what was raised locally, gave it a position of permanent strength, and made its library and reading-room an educative agency of great value, and a strong counter-attraction to the billiard-room and free drinks for the players at the Dog and Gun tavern.

We may here remark by anticipation, that when Lawrence, at the end of his three years in Fairview, was obliged to leave the circuit, among the many expressions of regret and tokens of friendship and approval that he received, he valued none more highly than an address which was presented him in the name of the Mechanics' Institute, signed by persons of all classes and all

creeds, and accompanied by a well-filled purse. He regarded it as no derogation from his duty to his own charge, that he was able to perform duties of a public character. Indeed, he found his personal influence greatly extended thereby, and had the pleasure of seeing, instead of denominational narrowness, a feeling of Christian charity and brotherhood, largely as the result of his efforts, obtaining throughout the community.

THE REAL AND IDEAL.

BY J. HUNTER CAMPBELL.

Do you know that the song of the poet,
  Though fashioned with marvellous art,
Is only a faint broken echo
  Of the song that is sung in his heart?

Though the canvas may glow with the beauty
  Of form and of colour that live,
Yet the beautiful dream of the painter
  Is a thing that he never can give.

The proudest achievements of manhood,
  Its honours that never grow old,
Its power, its triumphs, and grandeur;
  Its jewels, its land, and its gold!

What are they to the visions that boyhood
  In fancy so often has seen?
They are only an echo—a shadow—
  They are simply the dream of a dream.

Do you know that the life we are living
  Can only, it seemeth to me,
Like the rites of the ancients foreshadow,
  What the life of the spirit shall be?

And the song in the heart of the poet,
  And the visions the painter can see,
And the wide-winged fancies of boyhood,
  As they travel so far and so free;

When the spirit has broken its fetters,
  And we know even as we are known,
Each shall then find his fullest expression,
  Forever before the white throne.

WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

BY MRS. E. S. STRACHAN,

Secretary of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada.

Is there any need of them? What is their aim? What have they accomplished? What do they claim from us?

IS THERE ANY NEED OF THEM?—If any one question the right of woman to spread the glad news of salvation through a crucified and risen Saviour, let him look for her commission in the last chapters of each Gospel, when, repeatedly, we find the words addressed to her, "Go, tell His disciples"—"Go, tell my brethren." During all the intervening centuries she has been telling these glorious tidings in a limited and often very imperfect way; but in the last few years God has been laying upon her increased responsibilities by opening new doors, and giving her a little glimpse within. And what does she see there? In some cases, as in India, fathers, husbands, and sons, educated not only in their own language, but quite extensively in European literature, with the liberty, so sweet to every one, of going where he pleases, and of enjoying the good things of this life—while the condition of the mothers, wives, and daughters, from early childhood, has been worse than that of caged birds, not being allowed to see beyond the bars of their prisons, shut in from general society, and never taught to read. Bound down by rules of caste, they are not permitted to receive the missionary of the Cross into their homes, and thus, for generation after generation they are bearing their sorrows and loneliness, with no knowledge of the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and no ray of hope from the land beyond the tomb.

None but a woman can penetrate this seclusion, and it is only within a few years that she has been allowed to enter it; but now that the opportunity is to some extent given, is it not her duty to say, "Here am I, send me?" And although the customs in all countries are not the same as in India, yet where is the land unillumined by the Gospel where woman is not degraded and crushed?

The knowledge of this great need, together with the privilege

of going to its relief, has awakened within the hearts of Christian women in different lands and various Churches, the desire and purpose to band themselves together for specific effort, to carry the light of the glorious Gospel into the midst of this darkness.

WHAT IS THEIR AIM?—The various missionary societies of the Christian Church have done a grand work during the present century, more souls having come to "the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus" during that time, than through all the previous eighteen hundred years. And the Woman's Missionary Societies would not for a moment, or in the slightest degree, interfere with that work. They are not rivals, but co-labourers, having in large degree a different sphere to occupy. Their aim *abroad* is chiefly to reach the women and children, and thus try to purify the home fountain, from which it is hoped will flow clearer and sweeter streams into social, commercial, and religious life. Their aim *at home* is to awaken in the hearts of Christian women a stronger sympathy with those less favoured, and by the contrast lead to a more personal and complete surrender to Him who has purchased her and all her heathen sisters, at home and abroad, with His own precious blood; and that many who may now be at ease in Zion may thus be led to a more unselfish, Christ-like life.

WHAT HAVE THEY ACCOMPLISHED?—In looking over a very interesting and valuable book called "Historical Sketches of Woman's Missionary Societies," published by Mrs. L. H. Daggett, of Boston, we find that over twenty of these had been formed previous to the year 1879, which had raised $2,841,690, and sent forth nearly five hundred lady missionaries.

In some cases the money is handed over to the General Missionary Society of the Church, to be spent as designated by the donors. But generally the funds are managed by the ladies themselves, though always in harmony with the aims and plans of the Parent Society. The Church is one, and it would be manifestly unbecoming for one-half to project schemes which would in any way be detrimental to the other half. Mutual counsel and co-operation are essential to the well-being and well-doing of any household—"the household of faith" not excepted. But the highest type of the individual or the com-

munity is attained, when sufficient responsibility is felt so as to manifest and educate the powers that may be lying dormant.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States was organized in Boston, March 22nd, 1869. Two months after, when there was less than $300 in their treasury, their first missionary, Miss Thoburn, was appointed to India. In November following, she and Miss Swain, a medical missionary sent by the same society, left on their sacred errand. To-day that society is supporting thirty-eight missionaries, and has under its care over two hundred Bible women and teachers, six hospitals and dispensaries, fifteen boarding-schools, with about eight hundred pupils, one hundred and twenty-five day-schools, with three thousand girls and women; three orphanages, with four hundred orphans, and one "Home" for friendless women, and, through its agencies, systematically visits over one thousand zenanas. This is but a glimpse of part of the work, as published in their last year's report of what is being accomplished by the women of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The Society formed in our own Church in Canada is of too recent date to be able to say much of what has been done, yet there is enough to call forth constant, heartfelt gratitude and renewed zeal. Nearly a score of auxiliaries have been organized, and much enthusiasm has been awakened, which, it is hoped, will greatly increase as the necessities of the perishing women and children of the heathen world are presented from time to time.

Great good is being done in Montreal among the French Catholics by the Society there, which has lately united with the Woman's Missionary Society. This work has been in operation for more than four years, and is a great help to the Rev. L. N. Beaudry. A similar mission is also organized in Ottawa.

More than $250 worth of clothing, etc., have already been sent for the use of the Macdougall Orphanage, and $500 have been given to the Rev. Thos. Crosby for the benefit of the Girls' Home at Port Simpson. This does not, of course, represent the year's work, as that will not be completed until the annual meeting in September or October, when a full report will be made.

Generous donations have been given by individuals for the purpose of sending a representative to Japan, but the carrying

out of this project has been delayed until sufficient funds are in hand to support two, as our missionaries at present there advised that not less than that number should be sent. Their coming is looked for with great interest. Said one young Japanese girl, "It seems like a thousand years till they come." Are there not some hearts in our highly-favoured land that would esteem it a privilege to be the bearers of the Bread of Life to these hungry souls? And are there not many women in our Church who would like to be engaged in some distinct service for the Master, and yet scarcely know how to set about it?

One plan would be to talk with one's friends about this grand work, which enlarges the sympathies and brings us into the line of Christ's design, when He said, "As the Father sent Me, even so send I you." "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Then it would be well to appeal to the pastor, asking him to call the ladies together so as to form an auxiliary, which is done by the adopting of the Constitution,* appointing of officers, etc.

Our ministers will, no doubt, give their cordial co-operation in their own special fields of labour, as they have given their approval in Conference. When once engaged in this effort, the eye will eagerly catch any item that may appear concerning missionary work the world over; many of these may be selected to edify and interest the monthly gatherings, and these will be food for thought, conversation, and prayer, which will greatly enrich our lives, and those of others also.

The young people especially, who have not yet had to bear many of the responsibilities of Church life, will find this a most interesting field of labour, and the Master calls for them in the morning hours to go and work in His vineyard. Let them form mission bands of their own, and much good will result. The little children can also help.

The hearts of the women of our Church are wanted for this work, then their careful thought; their efforts, contributions, and prayers will surely follow.

* The Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary, Toronto, will be happy to furnish copies of this Constitution, and to give any other information that may be desired. We hope that this paper, written at our request, will lead to the formation of many auxiliary societies.—ED.

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.*

We hear very much to-day of the failure of Methodism; of the worldliness which is honeycombing her spiritual strength; of the trumpery of pride, love of applause, personal ambition, and dependence upon mere human appliances of the pulpit, which has robbed it of the power of the fathers. The indifference of the masses to the Gospel is directly charged to the lack of ability and spirituality of the ministry. The Church has not a few "ancients," whose weeping is heard above the shouting of the great multitude. No intelligent, unprejudiced mind can for a moment compare the pulpit of to-day with that of the past and fail to see a wonderful increase in vigour, versatility, and effectiveness. To-day as never before has it power to sway and save the masses. There has never been a period in the history of the Church when there has been simpler, more powerful, or more spiritual preaching of the Gospel than the Church enjoys to-day.

The sons have to compete with forces of which the fathers never dreamed. The latter came occasionally, to a people whose only intellectual recreation, entertainment, or stimulant was furnished by the pulpit. The preacher was the daily paper, the circulating library, the lyceum orator, the divine messenger, all in one. Little wonder the people flocked in crowds, gave earnest attention, and were so powerfully impressed. The sons address several times a week a people surfeited with the rich treasures poured into their laps by the press and platform. The press, pervading every hamlet and neighbourhood, scatters the brightest thoughts of the world's wise men upon every subject, secular and sacred. The platform affords abundant opportunity of hearing the most brilliant orators in their masterpieces. The preacher is thus embarrassed in seeking to create and maintain an interest in a familiar theme in minds overcrowded with a multitude of thoughts about novel and fascinating questions, presented in the most attractive manner by those who bring the results of a lifetime of laborious and special effort. Little

* Condensed from "Empty Churches and How to Fill Them;" by the Rev. J. Benson Hamilton.

wonder that the average pulpit suffers by the comparison and fails to accomplish what is expected and demanded. That the ministry of to-day is able to command the attention it does is a marked tribute to its versatility and effectiveness. The spiritual condition of the Church, its rapid and marvellous growth, its wide influence, are unanswerable arguments in behalf of the piety and faithfulness of the preacher. To scout at the lightning express, and long for the lumbering old stage-coach, will not stay the progress of this rushing age. It is a pity our tearful friends did not live in the times for which they mourn. The Church cannot afford to be outstripped by the world. Its mission is to lead, not to follow in hailing distance. Literature has almost advanced to where it is capable of giving to the divine Word its fitting place. Science has, by a succession of dazzling leaps, but reached a point where it can see, through a glass darkly, the footprints of the Divine Creator, and measure His power and influence. When it shall have reached the summit of knowledge and the fullness of discovery, it will find already there the disciple of Jesus, who has been borne on the wings of faith to the mountain top toward which the philosopher has long been toiling with weary steps.

The Church needs to make an advance all along the line. Let the sword of the Spirit be used not to split hairs, or spur up our lagging comrades, or hold in check the eager ones; but to smite sin and slay sinners. Where preaching the Gospel degenerates into denunciation of the weakness or wickedness of the pulpit, or the Church revival services become dress parades for saints instead of battle-fields to sinners, we need not wonder that so few are slain. We busy ourselves too much with the manual of arms, and neglect campaign duty. If the lamentations of the "ancients" are well founded, we need not only a re-ordination of the ministry, but a re-conversion of the Church.

Christianity is not a failure. The children of God are not a discomfited, disorganized mob, but a thundering and conquering legion. Yet their victories are not a tithe of what they ought to and may be. Sectarian difference and internal dissension stay our onward march. We lag when we should run; we limp when we might fly. Denominational jealousy postpones indefinitely the reign of Jesus over a redeemed world. As religious persecution has ever been the most bitter, so pious criticism and

censure are the keenest and least charitable. A difference in manner and method of work from commonly accepted standards is as sternly denounced and rebuked as divergence in belief. The labourer whose work is coloured and shaped by his individual peculiarity finds himself tossed upon a stormy sea, which the voice of the Master cannot quiet. The tempest is evoked by the disciples in defiance of the Master's rebuke and command. The Christian ministers who receive the most unsparing criticism and censure at the hands of their brethren are not the careless, dilatory, or unfaithful; but the untiring, the indefatigable, the successful, whose only sin is in achieving success by unusual methods. The Church and the world take the cue from ministerial associations and conventions, and the secular and religious press echo with the changes that are rung on "sensationalism" and "charlatanry."

The almost unbroken monotony of religious effort is one of the principal causes of the popular indifference to the Gospel. The platform, even in its treatment of the profoundest themes, finds a willing and attentive hearing because of the novelty of its treatment and its frequent surprises. The press has grown to enormous proportions in this generation. It now claims superiority over the pulpit, and boldly challenges it in its own hitherto exclusive domain. It will inevitably succeed in usurping the preacher's place unless the pulpit, by accommodating itself to the popular tastes, shall renew its lease of life and power, and make for itself, by the magnetism of personal presence, a place in human affections the pen and type cannot fill. The press is fresh, spicy, and bold, even to irreverence at times, in its treatment of all subjects. When it becomes monotonous, or prosy, or timid, it immediately loses its power. The people turn from the average pulpit to the press with but a half-concealed relish and relief. If we will carefully examine the style and manner of Bible preaching, we will be surprised to learn that the method of preaching most unsparingly denounced to-day is nearest to the Bible standard. How did the prophets preach? Were their messages carefully prepared essays, or dry and elaborate discussions, or naked statements of facts? By no means. They were rude but graphic parables, intensely coloured, profusely illustrated, and powerfully dramatic. Jesus, who should be the model of pulpit oratory, wasted no time in discussing abstruse,

mysterious, and unexplainable dogmas. His sermons were simple, familiar, off-hand chats about every-day topics. They were broken in upon by question or suggestion from the audience or His disciples. He founded divine truth upon familiar incidents or living facts. His ministry excelled that of His predecessors or successors in winning the attention, moving the heart, and making plain and interesting to the multitude the word of God. His sermons were stories linked to a divine truth by the word "like." Is it not strange that those who claim to be His disciples have only words of denunciation and rebuke for the sensational, story-telling preacher, whose ministry, like his Master's, is thronged by a fascinated multitude. "The clerical mountebank," whose folly is only a faint imitation of his Master's method, should feel complimented at the rebuke and epithets so lavishly poured upon him. It was the compliment his Master received. The greatest danger of the hour is not sensationalism in the pulpit, but the lack of it. The wide-spread and rapidly increasing indifference to the Gospel can only be arrested by returning to Gospel methods. The secret of drawing a crowd is found in the preaching of Jesus. If the Bible could be made the standard text-book of homiletics, and the conversations of Jesus the models of Gospel sermons, now, as in the past, the multitude would flock to hear the word.

If the church is only half filled, and a tide of the churchless drift by the open door, somebody is at fault. The Gospel should be so proclaimed that men must hear, and, hearing, must obey. Lack of power is often the result of error, not of the heart, but the head; not in spirit, but in method. None but a very hungry or greedy fish will be caught with a bare hook. You cannot wonder that a banquet goes begging if it consists of nothing but empty dishes. Is it not possible we have been expending our care and labour in making a tasty and elaborate display of our table-ware and cutlery, instead of spreading a bountiful feast for our hungry guests? If we have, we need not wonder that they prefer to go hungry rather than attempt to satisfy their hunger by going through the motions of eating at our *fiat* feast.

The average sermon is above the average head. The preacher is busy with his books and magazines, and becomes interested in the theories and vagaries engendered in the rarefied atmosphere of the mountain top. He extols or demolishes them, as they

appear helpful or hurtful. The people who rarely visit the mountain summit, but dwell and toil on its sides or in the valleys, wonder and *wander.* Speculative preaching, instead of the simple and practical Gospel, is responsible for many empty seats.

Too much of our preaching is barren of results because we have aimed the heavy guns of our artillery at the stars instead of souls. Our projectiles, which should have been solid shot or bursting bombs, have been only sky-rockets or Roman candles, making a grand display, but ending in sparks and smoke. Brilliance can tickle, profundity can astound; but simplicity and directness never will fail to interest and convict. We want less formality and more fire; less system and more simplicity; less exegesis and more Jesus.

THE OTHER LIFE.

OFT 'mid the world's ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop and think of another life,
Where ills can ne'er assail me,—
Where my wearied arm shall cease its flight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
Of everlasting morrow.

On earth below there's much of woe,
E'en mirth is tinged with sadness,
But in heaven above there's naught but love,
With all its raptured gladness;
There, till I come, waits me a home,
All human dreams excelling,
In which, at last, when life is past,
I'll find a regal dwelling.

There shall be mine, through grace divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul's eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay 'tis blending.
And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
Where a Father's love hath found me,
Oh! let me feel, through woe and weal,
Thy guardian arm around me.

—*Sir James Simpson.*

RAMBLES IN ENGLAND—CHEDDAR.

BY CANNIFF HAIGHT.

"Wilt thou not go to Cheddar? 'Tis more strange
Than most strange places are * * * *
There thou shalt see the grand Titanic cliffs,
Of the piled mountains, split through their bulk
By quick rock-rending earthquakes robed in fire;
That lightning of earth's thunder-turning heart
Which springs at one brave bound from pole to pole.
Making the nations shudder! Here it came
In its fierce saturnalia, flashing on
Omnipotent, with weird electric dance,
And stamped its frantic zig-zag here forever
With systematic madness."

AFTER breakfast this morning, I started with my friend M. by the Bristol and Exeter rail for Cheddar, which is situated in the central part of the County of Somerset. The road leads through Yatton, then diverging from the main line, takes us across a rich alluvial tract of country, and through Congresbury, whose taper steeple rises gracefully from the woody plain. There is an old story connected with this venerable locality, which, with your leave, I will repeat. It was in this wise. St. Congar, a son, it is affirmed, of one of the eastern emperors, who had run away from home because he did not like the wife his papa had chosen for him, settled and built him an hermitage. Clad in a mean habit, as a slave, he wandered to this lonely spot, then covered with reeds and water and fringed with wood, living as he best could on fish and fowl. Here he built him an oratory; the West Saxons gave him the surrounding land; he chose twelve canons regular for companions, gave himself up to a life of abstinence and prayer, went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and there died; but his body was brought home, and his lands after mutations, many and great, have fallen to a good use, for to this day they maintain that noble institution of Bristol, the Queen Elizabeth Hospital.

Meanwhile my eyes have been feasting on the beauties of the verdant valley through which we are passing. The gentle undulations of the ground give a wavy appearance to the plain; clumps of trees and graceful elms with their dark foliage and arched

limbs, overhanging the greensward, adorn the scene. Away in the background rise the Bleadon hills, shrouded in a purple haze; and as we rush on, the Mendips begin to show their jagged heads, then Redhill to the east and Broadfield Down to the north; and there on the hillside is Barley Wood, the favourite home of Hannah More.

Passing on we reach Sanford, the station for Banwell, whose caves, rich in pre-adamite remains, attract the votaries of science. Sweeping now around hilly knolls we come to the chalet station of Winscombe, a charming village nestling under the shadow of the lofty hills. Passing Churchill on the left we can just get a glimpse of Doleberry encampment, where Roman and Saxon remains are frequently found. A deep cutting and tunnel carry us through the hilly range, and we emerge between Cross and Axbridge, on the southern side of the Mendips, into a climate, I was informed, akin to that of Southern France, and where fruit ripens a full month earlier than it does at Bristol.

Axbridge, at the time of the Conquest, was a hunting chase of the kings of England. It had its mills, fisheries, and a wood two miles in length, right royally preserved. Two miles to the south-east of this ancient borough, Leland writes "Cheddour, a good husband townlet to Axbridge, lyeth in the rootes of Mendip." From the lofty brow of Mendip, there is a fine prospect. Before you lies, in all its varied loveliness, one of those rural scenes, that you so frequently meet with in England, and which Cowper must have had in his eye when he wrote:

"How oft upon yon eminence our pace
Has slackened to a pause, and we have borne
The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
While admiration, feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
Thence with what pleasure have we just discerned
The distant plough slow moving, and beside
His labouring team, that swerved not from the track,
The sturdy swain diminished to a boy!
Here—slow winding through a level plain
Of spacious meadows, with cattle sprinkled o'er,
Conducts the eye along his sinuous course.
Delightful, there, fast rooted in their bank,
Stand, never overlooked our favourite elms,
That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
While far beyond and overthwart the stream

That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
The sloping land reaches into the clouds,
Displaying in its varied side the grace
Of hedgerow beauties numberless, square tower,
Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear,
Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."

The parish stretches away for miles into the rich alluvial moors, whose verdant pastures furnish the dairyman's kine a constant supply of the tenderest herbage, which he transforms into that delicious article of world-wide reputation, known as Cheddar cheese.

The Town of Cheddar is a queer, straggling old place. It twists about in all directions and looks as though it had been pitched down the hill at haphazard, or had become muddled in trying to locate itself. It once had a considerable market, of which the cross, an hexagonal structure, weather-beaten and broken, still remains to tell the tale. The craggy pinnacles of the Mendips rise abruptly behind the tower to a height of over eight hundred feet. Portions of the rock present a gray tinted appearance, and look like great lichened walls, whose ivy-clad niches and shattered battlements frown down on the passer-by, with over four hundred feet of perpendicular face. Beetle-browed precipices with solemn grandeur project their awful crags over our heads as we wind through the tortuous passage, and threaten us with instant destruction. We watch the chattering daw, as he alights with careless foot, far up the giddy height, and tremble lest he should turn the balance, and send the rock toppling down headlong into the narrow gorge :

"So they rise
Around thee like the spectres of a dream
Those tempest shattered crags * * *
* * * * Where the winds
Make whirlwind music, and with their strong wings
Outfly the speckled talon-grasping hawk,
And the wild daw that haunts those splintered rifts
And sows the seed of ivy, ash, and yew,
Sweet pink, rather tulip, and the red-blood wall
On these most slippery rash declivities.

This great chasm, which runs through the hills and forms a natural roadway, is no doubt the result of volcanic action. Far

back in the world's history, nature in some of her angry moods has cleft those hills asunder, and left this wild rift of over a mile in length, as an everlasting memorial, of how little she heeds the strength of the rock-ribbed mountains when she is aroused. The road through it rises by a gentle ascent for about a mile, after which the now dwarfed and somewhat tamed gorge dwindles off by two diagonal branches of easy ascent to the top of the hill, which is more than 1,200 feet in height. Close by the entrance of the ravine, and within a space of thirty feet, nine springs, clear as crystal and cool as glacier fountains, burst from the foot of the cliff, forming a beautiful stream, which once drove thirteen mills within half a mile of its source; of these but two or three remain.

Cheddar was in Saxon days a royal demesne. There is a tradition that while King Edmund was hunting one day on the Mendip, he pressed a deer so hard that stag and dogs went over the precipice, and the king himself was only saved through the miraculous interposition of the spirit of Saint Dunstan, which seized the rearing horse as it hung balancing over the fearful gulf and turned it back to land. For this salvation the king made the corporeal Saint Dunstan, abbot of Glastonbury, that same day.

The sleeping hollows of Mendip stretch far back, full of verdure, till they rise into the mountain. Through Cheddar, Stoke, and Westbury moors, the river Axe crawls sluggishly towards the sea:

> "Cheddar, farewell,
> Thy towering cliffs and caverns shall remain,
> When those who visit them have passed away!
> The strength of manliness, the witcheries
> Of rose-lipped beauties perish; but the mind,
> The soul, shall still o'ermatch thee, then outsoar
> That spirit in us, which can dream of glories
> To which thy own are but a baby's toy!
> That spirit shall outlive thy sepulchre;
> Yea, the eternal mountains shall become
> Less than the everlasting hearts that loved them,
> And thou return to ruin—we to God."

Two miles from Wrokey lies Wells, that small but beautifully situated cathedral city. It derives its name from its wells, chiefly from the unfathomable one, which rises in the garden close to the Bishop's Palace. A current of the clearest, coldest

spring water gushes up from the abyss profound, filling constantly an opening ten yards in diameter, fills the moat which surrounds the palace, where large trout lazily roll, and then rushes swiftly down the open kennels of the streets to join the Axe. Bishop Jacobin built both the palace and the cathedral about six hundred years ago. The cathedral is a beautiful building, rich in sculptured ornament and sacred story.

The most conspicuous object as you look southward from Wells is the Tor of Glastonbury, which rises 500 feet above the level, and has a beautiful tower on its summit. One of the quaint sculptures of which is St. Michael holding the scales, with the Bible in one, the devil in the other, who proves light weight, though another fiend slyly, but all in vain, hangs on to his tail.

It was on this hill, in 1538, that Richard Whiting, the sturdy abbot, was drawn on a hurdle, hanged and quartered, his head being set upon the gateway of his abbey below, his quarters were bestowed on Wells, Bath, Ilchester, and Bridgwater.

The abbey itself lies hidden away behind the main street of the town, and is a very picturesque and beautiful ruin, rich in historic interest. If tradition be worth anything, it is the site of the earliest Christian Church in Britain. Here in this charming vale of Avalon and under the mouldering, gray abbey walls, lies the sacred dust of the renowned King Arthur; Edmund, Edgar, and Edmund Ironsides are also buried here. King Canute gave the abbey a charter, and Tennyson has laid the scene of his beautiful epic, "The Search for the Holy Grail," here—

> "If indeed I go
> To the island-valley of Avilion ;
> Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
> Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
> Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
> And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea."

JUDGE WILMOT.

BY THE REV. A. W. NICOLSON, M.A.

THERE are times and places that make it difficult to write of death. At this moment, and in Bermuda, sky and sun, and the breath of eternal summer are eloquent; but they suggest rather everything of life. It is as if

> "Medea's wondrous alchemy,
> Which wheresoe'er it fell made the earth gleam
> With bright flowers, and the wintry boughs exhale,
> From vernal blooms, fresh fragrance,"

were here in all its charming energy.

And, in very truth, it is life, not death, a writer ought to think of when writing a sketch of Judge Wilmot. He can scarcely be thought of as having died. Some men are a confirmation of the doctrine of immortality. The eye, the eloquence, the aspirations of Judge Wilmot, were among the things which say of the soul what the wide wings say of the eagle: "Home is higher than the earth."

I sometimes wonder if the piece of silver of the parable may not have meant lost promises, and the woman, with her candle, the divine and human conscience searching the soul for their recovery. Dust of daily cares and natural love of ease, there is in abundance lying on the surface of every man's thoughts; so that vows may escape the light. At least, so I found it as respects the promise to write on a subject very dear to me, and the period that has elapsed between then and now. But nothing is ever absolutely forgotten; only there are earlier and later resurrections.

Judge Wilmot was virtually the first President of our General Conference, Dr. Ryerson became our President during the Judge's preparatory occupancy of the chair. They are now both in heaven. Was there not much in common with these grand, princely men? What a lawyer, statesman, governor, Dr. Ryerson would have made! Can any one imagine how Wilmot would have shone as an educationist, and especially as a preacher? Talk of distinct orders in the ministry Who could insist that Ryerson was not a bishop, or that Wilmot needed any human

authority to teach? All the lawn sleeves of the House of Lords, held over the heads of that class of men, would not add a cubit to their kingly stature. Who that ever saw them on the platform, nostrils distended, eyes flashing, fingers nervously moving; then volleys of words, with intervals of breathless wonder—what next? —would not say—"Why, that man is himself of the highest order of humanity!"

The portrait of Judge Wilmot, that stands as a frontispiece of Mr. Lathern's biography, is wonderfully faithful; and yet, it can only convey to a stranger a single idea of the character it represents. Judge Wilmot was altogether the most versatile man, as to attitudes, features, gestures, whom I have ever known. No one could imagine from that quiet, rather mischievous look of the portrait, how the whole man could be transformed by a breath. It is a *domestic* portrait of him, rather than the judicial or oratorical;—such a sly, humorous expression as I have seen on his face when pointing out a flaming peony in his garden, and remarking—"Mr. —— has just been asking me what kind of a rose is that?"

The man's emotional nature was something beyond the study of an observer or critic. You could always depend on a tempest when anything was said to excite his sense of independence, or integrity; but as to the precise airt from which the wind might blow—that depended altogether on *the phase* of the sentence which might first strike his mind. Indignation, withering sarcasm, if he suspected any duplicity; banter, with a kind of slow, measured, half-concealed denunciation, if he doubted the speaker's responsibilty. Pity the man who came under Wilmot's scorching eloquence during his palmy days. There are instances of his amazing powers in this way, which tradition will not allow to die. During his rather brief period of life as a barrister, an unfortunate witness, to whom he had directed a series of perplexing cross-questions, wrote him a private letter, denouncing him in no measured terms, and ending by a declaration that he would "teach him some lessons in honesty and integrity." Alas, poor wight! Wilmot read the letter in Court next morning, with such comments as filled the room with wildest merriment. As he drew a picture of this modern sage gracing an academic chair in his new profession—the public knowing all the while that he was the veriest rogue in the country—the Judge was obliged to leave

the bench by way of preserving his dignity. The rogue was obliged to decamp, so completely did that one speech turn upon him the public ridicule.

No, the portrait is not the man. And the biography is not the man. Admit all that can be said of Mr. Lathern's book—and this writer would join in the general verdict as to the biographer's qualifications—and yet there remains the mournful fact, that Judge Wilmot has carried away with him much that has not and never can be written. A disciple is always best qualified to pourtray the master; but there is something that art cannot do. This much of humiliation remains to every biographer, that, when the very best has been said, the very best yet remains to be said.

In nothing is this sense of insufficiency more perceptible than the effort to describe Judge Wilmot's eloquence. A reporter can give words; a critic may describe tricks of oratory; but who can do justice to an eloquence that overpowers the hearer? It was no uncommon thing to see reporters, even with their backs turned to Judge Wilmot, stopping in their stenographic flights, catching their pencils in their teeth, and clapping hands as if their business was to applaud. What, then, could the most self-possessed do when looking him full in the face? I could laugh or weep even now, by the mere effort of memory, while looking back at some of the scenes under this man's addresses. Every visible part of him was speaking; head nodding, or tossed high in the air; hands and arms, off on an illustrative lecture; feet, perpetually in motion as if to chase the enemy or overtake a friend; but, most noticeable of all, the mouth and the eyes, through which came avalanches of apostrophe or denunciation. To whom, of all great speakers I have heard, can I compare him? Bishop Simpson is always self-possessed, consecutive, with but slight modulation of voice, and not much gesture. Wilmot affected an audience, not by driving home a thought with repeated blows, and then clinching it, like the Bishop, but by emptying upon them his phials of electricity—if such terms are admissable in illustration. Yet he did not resemble Gough, who seems so illustrious a sample of the best class of orators. Gough rambles, as did Wilmot. There is never much regard to logic in the premises and conclusions of such men. Gough tickles an audience by wit and acting,—he is a play-maker as well as a play-actor. But

Wilmot chased his hearer, so to say, with thunderbolts of sarcasm, invective, denunciation; or entranced him with such vivid pictures as swept in rapid succession over his own brain. Was it Lamartine who said of Napoleon's brow, that each thought which occupied it was an empire? One could not but feel, looking at Judge Wilmot's brow, when he walked the platform, that it held pent-up tempests and torrents. He was awful at such times, whether in plaintive or condemnatory mood.

Those who saw Judge Wilmot at Conference had no fair exhibition of his powers. There was nothing there to awaken his righteous wrath, or to excite his versatile fancy. Moreover, time had been gradually sapping his constitution. Far more than the years, his tempestuous life had nearly exhausted all those rare powers of conception and utterance. The doctors frequently warned him of the effects upon his own vital nature, while society was trembling under the shocks of his magnetic eloquence. On one occasion he took the platform in St. John, N.B., intending to deliver a series of lectures on the Romish spirit, which he saw in certain disastrous effects at that time in the Province. A sort of Mortara case—the abduction of a boy (who, by the way, did little credit afterward to the profound sympathy he had excited) quickened the old Judge's prejudices into life. I was stationed in the city at the time (if I do not confound two different occasions) and can never forget the opening of the course. The tumult, the frenzy, I may call it, was something indescribable. Once the mass that crowded the old Temperance Hall rose to its feet and gave vent to one long, loud acclaim of victory. For two hours and half we sat in a throbbing multitude, again and again breathing, or ceasing to breathe, as the lecturer gave us permission. One picture he drew of Truth, slowly emerging from the dust of the ages, growing, expanding, feeling her chains of superstition till she rose to her feet, snapped her bonds by new virgin strength, threw them upon the earth and proclaimed herself alive and free! Macaulay indulges in a bit of hyperbole when he says that the oaken beams of Westminster cracked, at the shout of the multitude, when a verdict of "Not guilty" was passed on the Seven Bishops. I may safely say as much of old Temperance Hall, when Wilmot gave life to that "Woman in White." But two lectures exhausted the Judge. Letters appeared in the morning papers (from his opponents; his admirers had

not sufficiently recovered from their daze to write) questioning as to the lecturer's fidelity to facts. An answer appeared from the Judge himself, promising to follow up the subject at an early day. It was never continued. The doctors stepped in and prevented that. It is now known that the doctors were right. When disease came it went direct to the heart; and the men who warded off the blow so long were the few who stood between the Judge and his loving public.

I ought to make one exception as regards Judge Wilmot's histrionic powers at the General Conference. The biographer does not give deserved notice to that scene when he discussed, or rather illustrated, the effect of music on the human soul. It was in the full tide of debate on the Hymn Book that he stood in his place and related the meeting in the forest of a wandering fiddler and two savage chiefs,—the chiefs, crossing spears to bar the traveller's way,—the man taking down his violin, stroking it softly with hand and chin, and then drawing a long, mellow strain with the bow. Why, it was all so magical; so perfect the sweep of the right arm, the inclination of the head, the soft, coaxing look of the eyes, which a genuine violinist alone could ever exhibit, that one sprang at once to the conclusion—the Judge is himself a practiced hand at the bow.

But, after all, these great powers were usually sanctified, and that not only saved them from being a curse, absolutely, but turned them to excellent profit for Christ and mankind. His great battles—and he fought many of them, ardently and successfully—were on the side of right, freedom, virtue. Considering that he, perforce, mingled so much with men without any regard for religion, he retained well his manly independence. There were wide doors open to him, leading to other communions where abundance of flattery and emolument would have greeted his entrance; but he probably never encountered fairly the temptation, chief in the Devil's plans, where great spirits must needs go through the wilderness, of casting himself down from the pinnacle of the temple, or falling down to worship the "God of this world." He was a true man, and observers knew how far they might trust or tempt him.

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

NINETEEN hundred years ago the world, in nearly all its manifold relations and conditions, was pagan, from its highest pinnacle to its lowest foundation-stone. All the thrones and crowns were in unchristian and idolatrous hands. In the splendid palaces and temples of that distant day; in the song, art, literature, and countless homes of that ancient world, heathenism found a congenial abode, and it flourished in every province and clime where man had fixed his habitation and his home.

The governments and authorities, the wealth and commerce, the intellect and conscience, in fact, the whole vast globe of earth, and human affairs, were controlled by forces and ideas which were pagan from beginning to end. Even Palestine, that land of a thousand sacred memories, was permeated by ideas, by influences and practices of the most degrading and idolatrous kind. The social and moral condition of those times presented one mighty, aimless chaos of sensuality, animalism, and of tiger thirst of blood. The home-life of the world was shattered and impure, and immoralities of the most infamous character were unblushingly committed in the light of day. The inhumanities and cruelties were fearful to contemplate, and no benevolent or humane institutions lifted their friendly forms to welcome and soothe the sick and suffering of that dark and gloomy age. The dominant influences and powers were of the most selfish, barbaric, and degrading type. The whole moral and social life of that period sloped downward, and the universal tendency of the race was to a ruin and humiliation most fearful to contemplate. Never had atheism been so openly avowed, and the cries of anguish arising from this bewildering chaos of doubt and social wreck were indeed distressing.

"The corruptions of Rome," says one, "could be approximated only by putting together all the crime, the gluttony, and the licentiousness of New Orleans, New York, Paris, London, and Vienna." "Never was there a time since the beginning of the world," says Josephus, "more fruitful in wickedness than this." "The age of our fathers," says Horace, "worse than our gransires,

has produced us, who are yet baser, and are doomed to give birth to a still more degraded offspring." "Posterity," adds Juvenal, "will add nothing to our immorality." "More crime," says Seneca, "is committed than can be remedied by restraint; wickedness has prevailed so completely in the breast of all, that innocence is not rare, but non-existent." Renan, after a prolonged and careful investigation of this subject, has frankly said, "Madness and cruelty ruled the hour, and made Rome a veritable hell." And there is abundant evidence to show that the popular literature had never fallen into such an awful state of unblushing indecency as at the time under review.

With the palaces and temples, the capitals and thrones, stained and gory with the blood of the murdered and the slain; with emperors and rulers gorged and brutalized, and capable of the most infamous deeds; with the proud mistress of the world acting as the corrupter of all the provinces and peoples that owned her dominion and her power; with the face of that first "Imperial century" bruised and marred by her sins and sorrows; with the black and hideous catalogue of crowning crimes and horrors; within the swoop of that wicked pagan supremacy, which held all the thrones and dynasties of earth within her terrible grasp; surrounded by that *ring* of fire, outrage, abomination, social rottenness, and moral death, the prospect for a religion of purity, truth, and love, were poor, poor indeed! Nothing but a faith supernatural and divine in its origin and character, would attempt to gain a foothold in such a world, with a design to unseat that vast heathen power, which has gained a dominion wide as the world itself. It was then, however, that Christianity appeared, and for awhile it seemed left to contend alone, with an enraged and maddened world. The beginning of this divine dispensation or kingdom was certainly attended with many events and surroundings of the most humiliating and unpromising kind.

The birth of the Redeemer in that Bethlehem cattle-shed, the poverty of Joseph and Mary, the surroundings and associations of the Saviour's life were of the lowliest and most uninfluential kind. Galilee was corrupt, and Nazareth was insignificant and a by-word among the people. There was also the utter absence of all human influences that could minister to His elevation and power, and the perpetual presence of everything which indicated

and threatened an early overthrow and ruin of all the Redeemer's purposes and aims, no matter how exalted and beneficent these purposes and aims might be. Then there was the perpetual and fierce opposition of the priesthood, and also of the civil power; religion, custom, law, policy, pride, interest, vice, philosophy, letters, and all wealthy and ruling powers, ever arraying themselves against Him. The brevity of His public ministry—only three short broken years; the complete antagonism of His teaching to the spirit and tendency of the age in which He appeared, and the utterly unsympathetic character of all the outer conditions of that wondrous life; the cruel and tragic death which He suffered, and His lonely burial in that borrowed Judean grave—all these things for awhile appeared to be against Him and the kingdom which He came to establish in the world. It did seem as if on that cross of shame and horror, the whole mission of the Saviour had gone out in darkness and blood; and as if nothing more was needed to complete the apparent failure and humiliation than the interment in that quiet and solitary tomb!

To the disciples, that final scene was the most saddening and bewildering of all events and experiences, and it brought them a disappointment of the most crushing and painful kind. No mystery so puzzling and dark had ever crossed their path, or filled them with such agony and gloom as this. No wonder that this littte band was scattered, as they saw the present cruel victory of wicked and abandoned men. No wonder that for a while they hovered with deepest anxiety and fright about the outskirts of the crowd, or cowered, broken-heurted, in some lonely chamber in the city! Surely no wider contrast is conceivable to the human mind than that which exists between the commencement of Christ's spiritual empire among men, and the consummation and universal dominion which it shall yet reach before its mission is accomplished, and its divine and glorious work on earth is done!

And the disciples, in the prosecution of their mission and work, have to meet and battle with the same unkindly surroundings as their Master and Lord. They were men of humble station, going forth to contend with organized vice and power of every kind on every side. All the influential forces of that distant age were against them, and seemed to prevent barriers

and difficulties which no power could subdue and overcome. But in the complete absence of wealth, political power, social position, and all the elements deemed essential to success in any undertaking of an earthly kind, those apostolic men went forward in compliance to the divine command, announcing the redeeming message which had been committed to their care. As they faced the gloom, the moral and intellectual despair around them, the vices and abominations which has established themselves in the very heart of the world; and as they daily confronted the sickening manifestations of Pharisaic hollowness and religious mockery, and witnessed the utter demoralization of all that was noble and true, and contemplated the vast and awful magnitude of those sad and discouraging conditions, there was presented a burden for human hearts, which only a sublime and imperishable faith could enable them to bear.

And with reference to the twenty-seven documents composing the New Testament, penned during the latter half of this first century, by eight of the apostolic band, can we imagine anything more wonderful than the space and power possessed by these writings in this the most advanced and progressive age that the world has ever seen. That apostolic period was the very noontide of Roman literature. It was the time when Livy, Ovid, Tibullus, Strabo, Columello, Flaccus, Quintus Curtius, Seneca, Lucan, Petronius, Silvius, Italicus, Pliny the Elder, Martial, Quinctilian, Tacitus, Philo, Epictetus and many others entered the great Pantheon of the world's literature and won for themselves the honours and fame of that far-off day. But the Gospels and letters of the New Testament were not regarded by any of the above as of any importance. If they ever met with those documents, those noted writers of the first century did not think it worth while to quote from them a single line! Many of those precious records were penned under circumstances anything but favourable to a wide and wonderful destiny in the coming future. Can we imagine that even Paul ever conceived the glorious career in store for those letters which he penned within the gloomy precincts of his dungeon-home!

Did the men who carried those Christian documents to the early Churches for the first time, ever contemplate the destiny of blessing and of good reserved for the message which, amid many discouraging circumstances, they carried in their hands? Surely,

those men who penned the New Testament books had not much to hope for from the world around them! In a few brief years that world showed very clearly how much it cared for those men who were instrumental in giving the Church and mankind, records which to-day are the foundation of its brighest hope and deepest, purest joy. Matthew was slain by the sword in Ethiopia; Mark was dragged to death through the streets of Alexandria; Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in some city in Greece; John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, but escaped miraculously; Paul was beheaded at Rome; Peter was crucified with his head downward; James was beheaded at Jerusalem; and Jude was shot to death by arrows. Such, according to the most reliable tradition, was the end of those men whose names suggest more then all the names of emperors and kings, and wise and mighty men, that Rome ever knew in her palmiest days.

Surely the disciples and apostles, as they saw the iron heel of a wicked world which would soon trample them to death; as they viewed their approaching sufferings and end, and looked out upon the crushing, grinding tyrannies which were arrayed against them on every hand, could scarcely realize the grandeur of the work they had done, or the sublime future that was in store for the books which they had penned. And for three hundred years, the tide of malignant and infamous opposition rolled on with resistless sweep; not less than ten most deadly and bloody persecutions assailed the infant Church, and thousands, if not millions, suffered death for the truth's sake in those dark and cruel times.

Passing along from the unpromising conditions of the periods above referred to, we now notice some of the Christian aspects and changes which characterise the age in which we live.

When the Redeemer was crucified, the Church did not own a single edifice in the whole world; the few disciples met in borrowed rooms, and did not fill them, and before the overwhelming, painful darkness of that sad crucifixion hour, the few humble followers were disheartened and affrighted, and for awhile they all forsook Him and fled. To-day about five hundred thousand churches and temples open wide their doors for the worshippers of that Saviour, who once declared that He had not where to lay His head. The most magnificent buildings ever reared by human hands, now afford a place for the King of kings

and Lord of lords. The Church property of the United States is valued at three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and the estimated value of the property owned by the Churches of Christendom is six billions of dollars.

Once the disciples of Christ were poor, the world's wealth was locked up in unbelieving and unchristian hands, and the Apostles could say that silver and gold they had none. At the present time about two thousand million dollars are spent every year in connection with the Gospel, and the charities and institutions which are the direct outcome and production of its divine and wonderous power. Like the Wise Men of old, the centuries in their train, are bringing their glory and honours into this Kingdom, and to this holy shrine there is coming a larger consecration of the world's wealth, and ever as the years go by the Church keeps repeating the inspired declaration that the Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and *riches*, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. There was a time when the Divine Founder of Christianity hung dead on that ghastly cross, and the darkness of a fearful gloom gathered around the mission of the Son of God. His mangled body is carried and laid, without a rite or ceremony, in the silence of that rock-hewn grave! All for a while seemed ended and buried in that solitary Judean tomb. To-day about thirty millions of souls appear as members of the Christian Churches, and seven hundred millions of the race, are more or less affected by the teachings and influences of that once dishonoured and buried King! And the nations which once ruled the world, with a cruel and iron hand, where are they? Those empires which controlled the destinies of that ancient time, and crushed every opposing object beneath their power, do they live and prosper still? Has not that Roman empire, with all its imperialism, iron rule, barbaric splendour, and vain and empty show, gone down into a grave on which no resurrection light will ever shine? And is it not true, that not a single idol worshipped in the homes and temples of Greece and Rome eighteen hundred years ago has a single worshipper in the wide world to-day? All that remains are simply the names by which those pagan deities were known. That whole pagan age has perished, and its once dominant forces are found only in the "Books of the Dead."

"A thousand images of power,
Filled that ancient mind,
But with the clouds they fled,
And left no trace behind."

But the few, humble, and apparently insignificant disciples, in a very true and real sense, are living still, and their messages of mercy are ringing around the world. About half a million of men are now preaching that same Gospel committed to those eleven Apostles nearly two thousand years ago! That which was once at the very top and throne of the world, triumphing and ruling with a mighty and cruel hand, has forever passed away, and that Gospel which was at the bottom of the world, seemingly helpless and insignificant, despised, oppressed, and almost out of sight, lives and goes on in its upward and beneficent way, in this the most enlightened and progressive age the world has ever seen. Surely those men and influences which have turned the world upside down have come *hither* also!

Time was when the world refused even standing ground for the Christian Church and all the governments and ruling powers were paganized through and through. To-day, the great nations controlling the wealth, commerce, and all the elements of a noble civilization, are nominally Christian at least, and the future of the race is to a large extent in Christian hands. Two-thirds of the earth's surface are under Christian governments, and the highways of all the oceans and seas are at their command. During the days that the Redeemer walked the earth, the childhood of the world was principally under the training and dominion of ideas and influences of the most heathen type; to-day, between fourteen and fifteen millions of the youth of this generation are found in Christian Sabbath-schools, and a work is there being accomplished, which guarantees for the future a larger and nobler Church than there has ever been in the past.

And the difference in point of circulation and influence of the Christian documents at the present, as compared with the time when they were penned in obscurity, is wonderful indeed. In nearly three hundred languages the truths of the Gospel are now proclaimed, or in languages spoken by nine-tenths of the world's population of to-day. The gates of all continents and languages are open, and across the dreary drift of ages these inspired and blessed documents come to us, and lessen, wherever they find

their way, the circumference of the world's darkness and the world's woe. Within the last eighty years between one hundred and sixty and two hundred million copies of the Sacred Word have been sent forth, and it will soon have made the circuit of the globe. And one grand encouraging result of the operation of the modern Missionary enterprise, is found in the undeniable fact, that the idolatry of the world has been diminished more during the past fifty years, than in the thousand years preceding them.

One thing, therefore, is indisputably clear, and that is that the world is not *what* it was nor *where* it was previous to the introduction of the Christian system, nearly nineteen hundred years ago! Socially, politically, religiously, all has been changed. Whatever men may say, it is a fact which confronts all unprejudiced minds, that since the time of Christ's wondrous visit to our earth, changes of the most blessed and world-wide character, have been accomplished. The tendency of human history and life has been upward, and no splendid guess, no Galilean vision or dream, and no merely natural or human policy or power can for a moment explain the moral and spiritual revolution which has been witnessed during those Christian and progressive years. Not by "the fierce apostleship of arms," or the outburst of a wild and ignorant fanaticism, has this work been done. The historical development of the Christian religion, and the wonderful space it has made for itself in the thought, affection, literature, and devotion of this most stirring age, present one of the most stupendous facts upon which we can ever look, and nothing but a divine and supernatural factor can furnish the explanation which all men need. But one has well said that a great movement implies a mover, and the Gospel records, which no hands can now wrench from our possession, alone reveal the Divine and glorious personality. Who has set those world-moving agencies in operation, and who claims the spiritual victories of the past and present as His own? Jean Paul Richter, in expressive and eloquent words, says, "The life of Christ concerns Him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hand empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

And still the victories are being multiplied, and the future

is filled and radiant with the brightest hopes of conquests yet to come. The eyes of the eagle may suffer eclipse, and the curtains of darkness may fall over the pupils by the steadfast gazing at the sun. Human systems of literature and power may line the shores of time with their wrecks, but in the Christian faith there is a vitality and energy and beauty which lives on with an undecaying freshness above "the lapse of ages and the waste of worlds." The Roman Emperor, who struck a medal bearing the inscription, "This day is Christianity abolished," knew not of what he spake. When one of the counsellors of Adrian, of the second century, said to him on a certain occasion, "Take care what you do; if you permit an altar to the God of the Christians, those of other gods will be deserted," he uttered a prediction which all coming time was to illustrate and fulfil.

And if the radiant prophecies and promises of the unchanging Word have any meaning, they most assuredly point out for the Christian religion a future indestructible in its character, and a consummation wide as the world itself. For this, the divinest pledges and guarantees are given, and, without doubt, this is

> "The one divine far-off event
> To which the whole creation moves."

GAGETOWN, N. B.

HOMEWARD.

THE day dies slowly in the western sky;
The sunset splendour fades, and wan and cold
The far peaks wait the sunrise; cheerily
The goat-herd calls his wanderers to their fold;
My weary soul, that fain would cease to roam,
Take comfort; evening bringeth all things home.

Homeward the swift-winged sea-gull takes its flight;
The ebbing tide breaks softly on the sand;
The red-sailed boats draw shoreward for the night—
The shadows deepen over sea and land;
Be still, my soul; thine hour shall also come;
Behold, one evening, God shall lead thee home.

—*Interior.*

METHODIST UNION—FACTS AND FIGURES RELATING THERETO.

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

IN TWO PAPERS—PART II.

III. The Methodist Episcopal Church.

HISTORICAL NOTES.

At the city of Toronto, in 1833, a union of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada and the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England was consummated, and the name of the Church changed to that of the "Wesleyan Methodist Church in Canada, in connection with the English Conference." Seventy-three preachers were members at the time, every one of whom is returned as being connected with the Conference after the union. A few months afterwards, some local preachers, in a convention held at Belleville, manifested dissatisfaction at the cessation of local preachers' ordination, which change, however, had been carried by the constitutional majority in the quarterly meetings. About a year and a half after the union referred to, an organization was effected under the title of the "Methodist Episcopal Church in Canada." In May, 1836, a claim was made for recognition as a regular Church to the American Methodist General Conference in Cincinnati. The matter was referred to a committee, who reported:—"That in June, 1835, certain persons to the number of five, only one of whom was a travelling preacher, the others being local elders, met and resolved themselves into what they called a General Conference, and elected one of their number to the office of bishop, and the remaining four proceeded to ordain and set him apart for that office, and immediately held an Annual Conference." The recommendation of the Committee was that no action be taken, which was adopted. The entire report (of which the above is an extract) was printed in the Minutes of the Methodist Episcopal Conference, held at Belleville, June, 1836.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

Quarterly Conferences. The presiding elder acts as chairman, and in his absence the superintendent of the circuit. One of

the questions put to the Quarterly Conference is: "Will you grant your pastor a certificate of general acceptability?" Every travelling preacher must produce to the Conference with which he stands connected, from the Quarterly Meeting Conference of the circuit or station on which he may have laboured the past year, a certificate according to the following form:— .

To the Annual Conference in Conference Assembled:

"This is to certify that A— B—, preacher on N— Circuit, has laboured in his capacity to general acceptability on the same, during the past Conference year.

"By order of the Quarterly Meeting Conference, N— Circuit.

"C— D—,

"*Recording Steward.*"

And in case the preacher fails to obtain such certificate, he shall not be re-appointed to the same circuit or station the ensuing year.

"Should he thus fail three years in succession, he must retire from the work of an itinerant minister; unless upon investigation of the causes of such failures the Conference should see fit to retain him in the work. Nevertheless it is expected that to give effect to the above rule, the circuits exercising it shall take care to provide for the support of their preachers."

District Conferences. (1) A Local Preachers' District Conference is composed of all the local preachers in the district of two years' standing. It has power to prescribe a course of study for its candidates, and to license proper persons to preach locally, and to renew their license annually. If charges are preferred against a local preacher, and he is not satisfied with the judgment of the lower courts, he has the right to appeal to the Annual Conference.

A licensed local preacher is eligible for ordination as a deacon after he has preached four years, provided he receives the approbation of the Local Preachers' District Conference, and of the Annual Conference.

A local deacon is eligible for ordination as an elder after he has preached four years from the time of his ordination as a deacon, provided he receives the approbation of the Local Preachers' District Conference and of the Annual Conference.

In the Niagara Conference, out of 111 local preachers, 28 are ordained deacons and 19 ordained elders.

(2) *General District Conference.* This is composed of all the travelling and local preachers of the district, and two delegates from each circuit, elected by the Quarterly Conferences. The principal business is to recommend candidates for the ministry to the Annual Conference, and to review the Sabbath-school, mission, and Church-extension work on the District.

Probationers. After a candidate for the ministry has travelled two years and given satisfaction in his work, he may be received into full connexion with the Conference and be ordained as a deacon, having authority to baptize and marry in the absence of an elder, and to assist an elder in the administration of the Lord's Supper. The time of a deacon's probation for the office of elder is two years.

Presiding Elders. Presiding elders are appointed by the bishop, in conjunction with a committee of two persons from each district, who are elected by the Annual Conference.

A presiding elder's term on a district must not exceed four years, after which he is not eligible to re-appointment to that district for six years.

Should dissatisfaction exist among a majority of the preachers on any district relative to their presiding elder's administration, and their objection to him be stated in writing to the bishop, the presiding elder so objected to shall not be appointed to a district the ensuing year.

Stationing of Ministers. The bishop fixes the appointments of the preachers. Nevertheless the presiding elders present at the Annual Conference shall form a committee to counsel and advise with him in so doing.

The bishop shall not allow any preacher to remain in the same station more than three years unless by request of the Annual Conference.

In the intervals of Conference the bishop has power to change the appointments of preachers as necessity may require, and as the Discipline directs, but not contrary to their wish unless by the advice of two or more members of the Annual Conference.

Annual Conference. The Annual Conference is composed of all travelling preachers in full connexion, and those who are to be received into full connexion. There are no laymen members of

the Conference. Each Annual Conference controls its own Superannuation Fund.

General Conference. This meets once in four years, and consists of an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates. The number of ministerial delegates is one for every four members of the Annual Conference, appointed by seniority or choice, at the discretion of the Annual Conference, but each delegate must have travelled four years and be an ordained elder.

Lay delegates are chosen by a Lay Electoral Conference, and must not be under 25 years of age, and must have been members of the Church for three consecutive years.

It requires two-thirds of the ministerial members of the General Conference to form a quorum.

CONNEXIONAL FUNDS.

1. *Episcopal Fund.* The amount expected to be raised for this Fund is an average of four or five cents per member.

2. *Presiding Elders' Fund.* The amount is raised by two collections each quarter, one on the day of the quarterly meeting, and the other on the Sunday previous. The average salary of a Presiding Elder is $800.

3. *Church Extension Fund.* Raised by collections once a year.

4. *Contingent Fund.* This fund is raised by collections and voluntary contributions, and is intended to meet unusual expenses incurred by the travelling and superannuated ministers and their widows and orphans.

5. *Educational Fund.* The amount expected to be raised is an average of ten cents per member.

6. *Children's Fund.* There is no fund similar to that of the other Methodist Churches, but the orphans of travelling, superannuated, and supernumerary preachers are allowed by the Annual Conference from the reserve fund of the Superannuation Fund $20 annually up to the age of fifteen years.

7. *Superannuation Fund.* The amount expected to be paid by the people into this fund is an average of fifteen cents per member. Each preacher pays into the fund $2 per year. The allowances are as follows :

No of Years of Effective Service.	Amount to Superannuated.
5	$40
10	60
15	80
20	100
30	110
40	115

The widow of each claimant is entitled to a claim equal to that of the husband as above, up to twenty years. The maximum to be $100. In the three Conferences the total number of claimants is seventy-six.

8. *Missionary Fund.* The contributions to this fund are expected to average $1 per member. Thirteen missionaries are now in the North-West. All the missionary money raised is spent in the Dominion.

The denomination publishes a weekly paper, *The Canada Christian Advocate,* in Hamilton. The net revenue of the Book Room this year was $1,400. The Church also controls Alma Ladies' College at St. Thomas. The position of Albert University at Belleville is as follows: *Assets.*—Buildings and furniture, estimated at $42,000; Endowment fund (investments and subscriptions), $52,000. Total assets, $94,000. *Liabilities.*—Indebtedness, $25,000. Amount of assets over liabilities, $69,000.

Ministerial Support. A Finance Committe appointed by the Quarterly Meeting is responsible for raising the salary of the minister. There are no amounts specified in the Discipline.

Can Episcopacy be set aside.—In the Discipline there are five constitutional limitations and restrictions, one of which reads: "The General Conference shall not change or alter any part or rule of our government, so as to do away with Episcopacy, or destroy the plan of our itinerant general superintendency." The provisions to secure a change of any of these five restrictions is found in the following paragraph:

"Provided, nevertheless, that upon the joint recommendation of three-fourths of the Quarterly Meeting Conferences throughout our Church (Mission stations excepted), the question being carried in each of these by a majority of three-fourths of the members present, then the General Conference shall have power, by a majority of three-fourths, to alter any matter or point embraced in the foregoing restrictions, according as the same may have been recommended aforementioned." (Discipline, 1879, pp. 29-30.)

STATISTICAL.

TABLE I: Showing the Methodist population of the Dominion, according to the census of 1881:

NAME OF CHURCH.	P. Edward Island.	Nova Scotia.	New Brunswick.	Quebec.	Ontario.	Manitoba.	British Columbia.	Territorries.	Total.	Relative Strength per cent.
Bible Christian.....	2,403	436	43	357	23,726	257	14	....	27,236	.04
Primitive Methodist ..	....	2	9	42	25,505	64	8	....	25,680	.04
Methodist Episcopal...	21	148	152	729	101,505	641	73	3	103,272	.14
Methodist Ch. of Canada	11,052	50,214	34,302	38,026	436,987	8,508	3,416	458	582,963	.78
Totals	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	....	739,151	100

TABLE II: Showing the increase of the Methodist denominations, according to the census of 1871 and of 1881.

NAME OF CHURCH.	1871.*	1881.	Increase.	Increase per cent.
Bible Christian.....	18,544	27,236	8,692	.46
Primitive Methodist.....	24,121	25,680	1,459	.06
Methodist Episcopal	92,198	103,272	11,074	.12
Bible Christian, Primitive Methodist, and Methodist Episcopal Churches.	134,863	156,188	21,225	.15
Methodist Church of Canada.†.....	388,543	582,963	194,420	.50
Total Methodists in the above four denominations.....	523,406	739,151	215,745	.41
Total Methodists of the Dominion	549,499	742,981	193,482	.35
Total Population of the Dominion..	3,485,761	4,324,810	839,049	.24

Table III.—Showing the geographical centres of the Bible Christian, Primitive Methodist, and M. E. Churches. (This table contains the names of *all* the Districts of these three Churches. It will give a general idea of the Sections of country that would be affected by a Union. See next page).

* In the census of 1871, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and Manitoba are not included.

† In the figures of 1871 are included the Wesleyans, New Connexion, and Methodists of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Newfoundland is part of the Methodist Church of Canada, but is not a part of the Dominion, and, therefore, is not included in the above. The number of members in 1879 was 8,165, which being multiplied by three would give the Methodist population of Newfoundland at 24,495.

Name of District.	Name of Denomination.	No. of Circuits in the District.
Prince Edward Island	Bible Christian	8
St. Lawrence	Methodist Episcopal	14
Kingston	Primitive Methodist	6
	Methodist Episcopal	19
Napanee	" "	19
Colborne	" "	16
Cobourg	Bible Christian	7
Bowmanville	" "	6
Peterboro'	" "	7
Barrie	Primitive Methodist	11
Toronto	Bible Christian	7
	Primitive Methodist	12
	Methodist Episcopal	20
Brampton	Primitive Methodist	9
Hamilton	" "	8
	Methodist Episcopal	25
Guelph	Primitive Methodist	10
Exeter	Bible Christian	8
Huron	Methodist Episcopal	18
London	Bible Christian	8
	Primitive Methodist	13
	Methodist Episcopal	24
Chatham	" "	25
Cleveland	Bible Christian	4
Wisconsin	" "	6
Manitoba	" "	5

Total Districts, 26 ; total Circuits, 315 ; Average proportion of Districts to Circuits, 1 to 12.

Table IV.—Showing the number of the Ministers and Members of each denomination.

NAME OF THE CHURCH.	Total No. of Ministers.	No. of effective Ministers	No. of effective Ministers in Pastoral work.	No. of Members.	Proportion of Ministers in pastoral work to Members.
BIBLE CHRISTIAN	81	71	70	7,531	1 to 107
PRIMITIVE METHODIST	99	84	83	8,167	1 to 98
METH. EPISCOPAL CH.					
Niagara Conference	112	91	87	10,374	1 to 119
Ontario "	74	67	59	7,942	1 to 134
Bay of Quinte "	79	63	51	8,141	1 to 159
METH. CH. OF CANADA.					
London Conference	343	287	262	38,641	1 to 147
Toronto "	379	325	300	38,172	1 to 117
Montreal "	211	184	168	22,285	1 to 121
Totals, United Churches	1,378	1,172	1,080	141,253	1 to 130

Table V.—Church Property.

NAME OF THE CHURCH.	No. of Parsonages.	Value of Parsonages.	No. of Churches.	Value of Churches.	Total Value of Church Property.	Remarks.
Bible Christian.....	57	$62,310	185	$308,899	$387,042	Debt $59,582, or 15% of value.
Primitive Methodist	48		237		383,853	Debt $54,925, or 14% of value.
Meth. Epis. Church.						
Niagara Conference..	51	46,520	236	474,565	521,085	
Ontario " ..	34	31,950	179	467,925	538,875	
Bay of Quinte " ..	35	30,850	135	370,900	401,950	
Meth. Ch. of Canada.						
London Conference ..	169	269,540	664	1,625,630	1,931,862	
Toronto " ..	164	224,600	592	1,958,172	2,215,662	
Montreal " ..	113					Figures'n't published.

Table VI.—Connexional Funds.

NAME OF CHURCH.	Contingent.	Church Extension.	Educational.
Bible Christian.....	$640	$197	No fund.
Primitive Methodist	663*	150	"
Methodist Episcopal Church.			
Niagara Conference	71	108	$620
Ontario "	51	73	706
Bay of Quinte "	61	128	564
Methodist Church of Canada.			
London Conference.....	2,334	No collection	2,730
Toronto "	2,091	"	1,964
Montreal "	1,303	"	1,275

* This is composed of the "Conference" and "Relief" Funds, which are used for the same purposes as the Contingent Fund in the other Churches.

Table VI. *Continued.*—MISSIONARY FUND.

NAME OF CHURCH.	Total amount raised according to latest published Report.	Average am't raised per Member.	Am't expended on Home or Domestic Missions in Ontario.
BIBLE CHRISTIAN	$8,529	$1 13	$7,259
PRIMITIVE METHODIST	7,273	89	7,081
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.			
Niagara Conference	5,041	48	4,101
Ontario "	5,361	67	4,407
Bay of Quinte "	3,753	46	3,266
METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.			
London Conference	42,627	1 10	7,125
Toronto "	53,993	1 41	10,024
Montreal "	29,000	1 30	5,190
Totals, United Churches	$155,577		$48,453

Table VI. *Continued.*—SUPERANNUATION FUND.

NAME OF CHURCH.	Yearly subscription of each Minister	Am't allowed by Discipline for each year's effective service.	Amount raised by people, 1882.	Average am't raised per Member.
BIBLE CHRISTIAN	$10 50	10 years $6 50 15 " 5 33 20 " 4 75 25 " 4 40 30 " 4 16 35 " 4 00 40 " 3 87	No public appeal to people.	
PRIMITIVE METHODIST	$2 50	10 " 7 30 15 " 6 48 20 " 6 08 25 " 5 60 30 " 5 27 35 " 5 04 40 " 4 86	$341	4c
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CH.	2 00	10 " 6 00 15 " 5 33 20 " 5 00 30 " 3 66 40 " 2 87		
Niagara Conference		.....	$1,046	10c
Ontario "		.....	1,220	15c
Bay of Quinte "		.....	834	10c
METHODIST CH. OF CANADA.	10 00			
London Conference		$12 for each yr.	6,463	16c
Toronto "		" " "	6,415	16c
Montreal "		" " "	3,710	16c

Table VII.—Ministerial Support.

[Explanatory Note.—The first part of this table does not include grants received from any fund. In the Methodist Episcopal schedules the following items are included in Ministerial Support, and the amount recorded in one bulk sum, viz., salary, board, fuel, horse-keep, rent, *rent-value* of Parsonage, and Missionary grants. To make all harmonize, the total in column (5) includes the *same items* in all the Churches. The average rent value of each parsonage has been estimated at $100.]

NAME OF CHURCH.	(1.) Salary, Board, and Fuel.	(2.) Horse-keep.	(3.) Rent Paid.	(4.) Rent-value of Parsonages.	(5.) Total.	(6.) Av. am't to each minister in pastoral work.
Bible Christian.....	$29,874	$700*	$500	$5,700	$36,774	$525
Primitive Methodist.	33,098†	.....	.....	4,800	37,898	456
Methodist Epis. Ch.						
Niagara Conference...	.....	.....	.....	.....	39,372‡	452
Ontario " ...	.....	.....	.....	.....	29,487‡	499
Bay of Quinte " ...	.....	.....	.....	.....	22,859‡	448
Meth. Ch. of Canada.						
London Conference...	141,760	9,638	5,219	16,900	173,517	662
Toronto " ...	129,400	12,204	5,000	16,400	163,004	543§
Montreal " ...	85,456	7,820	3,794	11,300	108,370	645

* Includes only the horse-keep of the young men, the same item for the Sperintendents being included in column (1).

† This amount includes horse-keep and rent.

‡ Obtained by subtracting Missionary Grants from the sum total recorded on following section.

§ This low average is accounted for by the fact that many of the Ministers in this Conference are stationed on Indian and Foreign mission fields which are financially non-producing.

Table VII. *Continued.*—MINISTERIAL SUPPORT,

Including grants from those Connexional Funds intended to supplement Salary.

NAME OF CHURCH.	Total as above in column (5).	Grant from Contingent Fund.	Grant from Missionary Fund.	Grant from Children's Fund.	Total.	Av. am't to each minister in the pastoral work.
BIBLE CHRISTIAN.....	$36,774		$8,459	$1,475	$46,708	$667
PRIMITIVE METHODIST...	37,898		7,081	3,068	48,047	578
METH. EPISCOPAL CH.						
Niagara Conference.....	39,372		4,602	*	43,974	505
Ontario "	29,487		4,594		34,081	577
Bay of Quinte" ...	22,859		3,753		26,612	521
METH. CH. OF CANADA.						
London Conference ...	173,517	$1,810	9,937	15,652	200,916	766
Toronto "	163,004	1,490	36,982	14 858	216,334	721
Montreal "	108,370	946	15,143	8,099	132,558	777

POINTS OF DIFFICULTY.

The difficulties connected with Union cluster around the five following points: (1) Lay delegation in the Annual Conference and in the Stationing Committee, (2) the question of a General Superintendency, (3) Church Property debts, (4) the equitable distribution of the combined Superannuation Funds, and (5) the proper disposal and support of surplus ministers.

LAY DELEGATION.

The Annual Conferences and Stationing Committees of the Methodist Episcopal Church are composed of ministers exclusively, thus resembling, in this particular, the Methodist Church of Canada. In the Bible Christian Church, one layman is elected from each District as a member of the Stationing Committee. In the Primitive Methodist Church, there are elected as members of the Conference two laymen to one minister. Nine laymen are members of the Stationing Committee.

In the Methodist Church of Canada, no proposal has been made in the General Conference for the admission of laymen to the

* In the Methodist Episcopal Church there is no Children's Fund, but a grant of $20 is allowed to each orphan child out of the reserve fund of the Superannuation Fund, up to fifteen years of age.

Stationing Committee. In the last Conference, a proposition to admit laymen as members of the Annual Conference was "indefinitely postponed" ("Journal," 1878, p. 86). So far as we can learn, there is at present no general desire for the further extension of the principle.

As to what the Churches more immediately interested in this question would propose or concede is, of course, mere speculation until the Committees having power to deal with this subject meet together for that purpose.

GENERAL SUPERINTENDENCY.

On the revival of this question, it may be of interest to recall the fact that the Committee on the Union of the Methodist bodies, appointed by the Wesleyan Conference, 1872, and consisting of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, President of the Conference, sixteen ministers and sixteen laymen, brought in a report to the following effect:—That one or more General Superintendents should be elected by the General Conference, to hold office for a term of years corresponding to the term of said Conference, and that such Superintendent or Superintendents be set apart for the work by such form of service as may be agreed upon. They were to preside at the General Conference, travel through the Connexion, preside at the Annual Conferences and their Committees, and exercise a general superintendency over the whole work. After the first General Conference, the General Superintendents were to be elected from among those nominated by the Annual Conferences. (Minutes, 1872, p. 11; 1873, pp. 176, 181.)

The proposal was not accepted by the Conference, the conclusion arrived at being materially assisted by a powerful speech delivered by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now President of the General Conference.

But now, after a lapse of nine years, and irrespective of Union, the question is being discussed again. It is strongly contended by some, that General Superintendents are needed to cement our own work. If the appointment of these officers should find favour (and, we are bound to add, that the opinion as to their necessity seems to be gradually gaining ground), then this question cannot prove an obstacle to Union. So far as we have read,

no one proposes a life-long General Superintendency—twelve years being the longest time yet suggested.

For our part, if this class of officials is proved to be absolutely necessary, we would say, let them be elected every four years; let there be a general understanding that the office is rotatory; and, irrespective of the length of the official term decided upon, let there be connected therewith no form of ordination, or any other kind of service whatever.

CONNEXIONAL PROPERTY.

In the United Church there would be (not including the institutions in the Maritime Provinces) one monthly magazine, four weekly Church organs; four Book Rooms; one Ladies' College, and two Universities,—all in the Province of Ontario. One in each of these departments, strongly equipped, would be abundantly able to do all the work required. The buildings and stock not needed could be sold, and the proceeds invested as permanent capital in the Educational, or some of the benevolent funds of the Church.

CHURCH PROPERTY DEBTS.

Though considered by many a difficulty, we fail to see that the Church Property debts will seriously embarrass Union. The position of the Church property of the two minor bodies stands as follows:—Bible Christian, value $387,042, debt $59,582; Primitive Methodist, value $383,853, debt $54,925—the debts being, in each case, only one-seventh of the estimated value. The amount of Church debts in the two larger bodies is not published.

In the united body the churches and parsonages will either be needed or not needed. If the former, the united congregations will be better able to manage the debt than one congregation singly. If not needed, then let them be sold. Even admitting the existence of large debts in a few local cases, still, as a general rule, a church is worth at least the amount of the mortgage upon it. Capitalists in loaning are generally shrewd enough to allow a sufficiently-wide margin for safety, so as to secure themselves even in a forced sale.

Testimony such as the following is of value on this point:—"So far as my experience has gone, in connection with our late Union, the Church Property rather relieved than increased our

difficulties" (Rev. James Gray in *Methodist Union*, May 18th, 1882).

THE EQUITABLE DISTRIBUTION OF THE SUPERANNUATION FUND.

From a study of Table VI., p. 264, it will be seen a Union that would give all the present claimants on the Superannuation Fund in the several bodies an *equal* share in the combined funds could not for a moment be entertained. But on a purely financial question such as this, is it not possible to discover some equitable basis of payment?

The plan we propose is:—Let each minister pay in and draw out of the fund the same amount as at present—this to continue four years, and after that let all pay in and draw out a similar amount. Or, perhaps better: Let a committee estimate what percentage of the general income arising from all sources, each class of ministers shall draw out, the arrangement to continue four years, and the elements of calculation to embrace the following points—(1) the amount of permanent capital deposited by each body, (2) the amount of the present yearly subscription of each minister, (3) the amount now actually received by each claimant, and (4) the present average contributed by each member of the Church towards this fund. These figures can be readily ascertained. The omission of any one of these factors would give an incorrect percentage. In the first year after the Union in 1874 there were $17,000 additional amount of claims made on the Fund. As this could not possibly arise in one year from any ordinary cause, it showed serious miscalculation somewhere.

To keep separate lists would, of course, involve some extra labour for the time; but no one should be expected to suffer inconvenience and loss, if such can be avoided by a proper mathematical distribution. A Union not founded on equity can neither be satisfactory nor stable.

WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THE SURPLUS MINISTERS?

In answering this question we will divide all the ministers on fields common to two or more Methodist bodies, into three classes, (1) the young men on probation, (2) the married men on self-sustaining circuits, (3) the married men on domestic missions.

In regard to the first class there can be no possible difficulty. The Presidents of the Bible Christian and Toronto Conferences,

in the Connexional organs, have issued a call for young men and local preachers to fill up the work.

In the Stations of the Methodist Church of Canada, this year, we find the following under the phrase, "one to be sent":—London Conference, 6; Toronto Conference, 24; Montreal Conference, 15. Total, "to be sent," 45. As is well-known, many of these thus "sent" have passed neither a literary examination, nor have special fitness for the work; but, at such times as the present, these men, whom it may be very difficult to station in future years, are likely to be admitted into the Conference list on the plea that "we have a place for them."

Under the phrase, "one wanted," we find as follows:—London Conference, 1; Toronto, 23; Montreal, 5. Total, "wanted," 29. The question then, what will be done with the surplus young men, does not call for a moment's thought. They could all be stationed in an hour.

(2) But how will the surplus married men on self-sustaining Circuits be provided for? As most of the competing points are in the country, let us, for the sake of clearness, suppose two country circuits of nearly equal geographical extent. If either one of the contracting parties brought into the Union neither membership nor financial ability, of course, discomfort and loss would follow, but no one proposes such a Union. In the Bible Christian Church there is an average of 107 members to each minister, and (according to the first part of Table VII., p. 265) an average to each minister of $525 contributed by the people; in the Primitive Methodist Church there is an average of 98 members and $456 of ministerial support; in the Methodist Episcopal Church, an average of 134 members and to each minister $465 of ministerial support. These amounts are exclusive of grants received from the Connexional funds.

A Union would neither blot out the existence of these members nor destroy their ability to give, and, by a judicious division of a Circuit, a field that supported two married men before Union cannot lose its abilty to do the same after Union.

(3) How will the surplus married men on domestic missions be sustained? Again, for the sake of clearness, let us suppose two such missions in the country, of nearly equal area. Two married men are on the same ground, partially or wholly sustained by funds from two Missionary Societies. In case of a

Union only one minister would be required. The united congregation could, probably, now of their own resources support their minister, while the Missionary Societies could utilize all the money formerly expended on that ground in sustaining the minister not now needed on some of those new fields which are constantly opening up.

The increase of missionary receipts in the three Western Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada this year is $17,500, an amount which would support twenty-one married men at $800 each. According to the "Missionary Outlook," at the present time eight married men are required in the Toronto Conference.

MISSIONARY MONEY SAVED BY UNION.

According to Table VI., p. 264, the total amount of money spent in the Province of Ontario alone on Domestic Missions is $48,453; $26,114 of this amount being expended by the Bible Christian, Primitive Methodist, and Methodist Episcopal Churches, and the balance of $22,339 by the Methodist Church of Canada. Estimating that in the three minor bodies one-half could be saved, and in the Methodist Church of Canada one-third, this would give by Union a yearly saving of $20,503, which amount would support twenty-five married men at $800 each, and on fields where they would be really required. From the above two sources we learn, therefore, that forty-six additional married men, at $800 each, could be stationed in connection with the Missionary Department of the Church.

If it be asked why were not such results obtained from the Union of 1874? the answer is (1) that it was a time of great commercial depression, and (2) that then there was not in the Dominion any outlet for surplus men. But these reasons are not in existence now.

According to newspaper reports 30,000 persons have gone into the North-West since last April. This rate is likely to continue, or even increase, for some years yet, and the supply of ministers will still have to come from Ontario for a considerable length of time. With this immense field before us; with Missionary money in hand; and with Missionary money that must inevitably be saved by Union, we consider that the question, "What will be done with the surplus married ministers?" is now solved.

WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF POPULAR FEELING IN REGARD TO THE MOVEMENT ?

To guage popular opinion is always difficult. Perhaps the safest guide is the action of deliberative bodies. The following have passed resolutions on the subject :—

Bible Christian. A large number of the Quarterly Meetings ; the majority of the District Meetings, and the Annual Conference at Port Hope. A Committee of eleven has been appointed by Conference to meet any other Union Committees.

Primitive Methodist. Five Quarterly Boards ; three District Meetings ; and the Annual Conference at Aurora.

In addition to a resolution admitting the desirability and feasibility of Union, the following was passed :—" That in case organic union of the Methodist Churches of this country is not effected, the Union Committee lay before each of the Conferences of the other Methodist denominations the desire of this Conference that arrangements be made, from time to time, for amalgamating small Societies in sparsely-populated districts of the country, that there may be greater economy of money and labour."

Methodist Episcopal. Fifteen Quarterly Conferences ; two District Meetings, and the Niagara, Ontario, and Bay of Quinte Conferences.

Methodist Church of Canada. Fourteen Quarterly Boards ; eleven District Meetings, and the London, Toronto, and Montreal Conferences.

The general tone of the resolutions favours the *principle* of Union, and expresses willingness to unite if a basis honourable and satisfactory can be found.

Concluding Observations. From the foregoing we learn three facts worthy of consideration : (1) that there seems to be a strong, spontaneous desire for Union ; (2) that there is a very large increase in the Missionary contributions ; and (3) that there is such a call for men as has not been known during the last twenty years. As experienced ministers cannot be produced at a month's notice, ordinary methods will not be able to supply the demand fast enough. These unusual facts, occurring at the same time, naturally lead the devout Christian to inquire, What do they teach ?

To us it seems clear that they point to the wisdom of securing,

at the earliest possible date, the amalgamation of the various Methodist bodies. That such amalgamation is practicable, and that a satisfactory basis can be found, the facts and figures given in this article seem abundantly to prove, and, if so, surely every reasonable effort should be made to remove all difficulties, and to bring about so desirable a consummation.

The benefits of Union must be apparent to all. It would save labour by shortening distances to be travelled, and making Circuits more compact. Congregations would be larger, Missionary money would be saved, and expended where it is more needed. Rival "special services," at the same time, in sparsely-settled neighbourhoods would be unknown, and better discipline would be observed.

Much as we love our own forms and usages we, perhaps, need to remind ourselves, from time to time, that there is no God-given form of Church government. To exchange a dearly-beloved usage for some other does not necessarily imply that Ichabod is witten on our system. Methodism has flourished under many diversified forms, the secret of its success being largely due to the spiritual fervour of its members. Zeal for soul-saving is worth more to any Church than the best of legislative systems.

As Christian men we should be large-minded and far-seeing. Our country is yet young, but its possibilities are immense, and we are now making history. The spirit that inquires what will best promote the glory of God in the future of this great Dominion is nobler than the question, what inconveniences will I suffer? Owing to the rapid development of the country, inconveniences must be merely temporary; but movements that we now assist to inaugurate for the avoidance of unnecessary friction, for the doing of "the greatest good to the greatest number," and for the economizing of time, labour, and means, will continue to bless our country long after we are laid to rest.

I SERVE is nobler than I rule,
Though men may not believe it;
And they stand first in Jesus' school
Who lovingly receive it.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

The Heart's Discipline.

I.

Within this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtle fragrancy.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind?
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find,
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

II.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare
Of shape and lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fire from day.

III.

This leaf, this stone! It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine, a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—*W. Wilberforce.*

Christ's Doctrine of Perfection.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you." This is a new commandment. According to the Great Teacher, our foe not less than our friend is our neighbour, and we are to love foe as well as friend. Here is a chivalry nobler than knighthood. Here is the true law of retaliation—"Love your enemies;" this is the heavenly *lex talionis.* "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for by so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." And this is the most difficult of tasks. If Christ's doctrine of love on its non-resistent passive side is hard, how much harder Christ's doctrine of love

on its active executive side? Ah! it is easier not to resist the evil doer than to love him; easier to turn the other cheek to the smiter than to bless him; easier to give up the cloak in addition to the coat than to feel kindly to him who uses me despitefully and persecutes me; easier to say with my lips than to feel in my heart I forgive you. In brief, easier to carry the cross on my back than in my heart. And yet John Stuart Mill ventures to tell us that the "ideal of the Christian morality is negative rather than positive, passive rather than active, innocence rather than nobleness."

Observe the reason which the Great Teacher assigns for exercising this merciful disposition; it is the divive Father's own example: "For your heavenly Father is kind unto the unthankful and the evil. He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust." Behold the genial sunshine of a spring day; see how it floods the whole land falling alike on field and lake, on oak and violet. If there is on earth anything absolutely impartial, it is God's own sunshine. Or go out a few weeks later, when the soil—it may be—is parched through the excess of sunshine; watch the beautiful summer rain; see with what exquisite impartiality it falls, descending alike on the rich man's broad manor and on the poor man's little plat, alike on the field of the man of God and on the field of the athiest. Even so it is with the Sun of righteousness and the rain of the Spirit. Nature herself is the very evangel of God's heart; symbolizing that unspeakable benignity which causes the sun of His truth to shine alike on the evil and on the good, and the rain of His grace to fall alike on the just and on the unjust. Suppose it had been otherwise. Suppose our God had been partial—loving only those who were loving Him and hating all others, giving His Son to die for none but those who were His friends—what would have been our fate to-day? Praised be His name and grace, it was not so. "God commendeth His love toward us in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." In like manner we are to love our foes, even as God loved us. Nor let us presume to weaken the argument from the impartiality of God's sunshine and rain by thinking of the judicial awards of the judgment day. If ever there was a sincere teacher it was Jesus the Nazarene. And He bids us accept God's bestowal of sunshine and rain alike on good and on

bad as the reason and motive why we should not do likewise. Be kind, then, to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God in Christ forgave you.—*Dr. G. A. Boardman, in "Studies in the Mountain Instruction."*

"Life is Earnest."

At a Quaker meeting a venerable man arose, and, in an impressive tone, said: "Many say it is a solemn thing to die; but, bethink you all and bethink you well, it is a solemn thing to live." The testimony is as vital as it is true, and who heeds it not will come to grief.

But think of the difficulties that beset a human life. Many fail because they forget to count the cost. How often we hear men say of various enterprises they have undertaken, that if they had known the hindrances and hardships attending their pursuit, they never would have undertaken it. But in the matter of life we have no choice; we are here; God has conferred on us the dignity of birth and the glory of existence, and he is base who regrets the endowment. But such is the constitution of things, that no man may regard life as a summer day, fit only for the amusement of children and the folly of the wicked. It is a great conflict, and all its successes are but the results of a series of overcomings; and the higher the sphere, the nobler the aim, the more is this true. The young enter upon the struggle with the disadvantage of no experience. It is at the beginning you need, so far as is possible, to consider the whole view of it, and thus prepare yourself for what awaits you. Many have learned—some to their sorrow—that the fancy and romance with which the young are apt to clothe life, have all faded out before they proceeded very far; the showy, vain dream has vanished away, and lo! there is reality and genuine conflict. How many, even, who are inspired by a good purpose, when the voyage becomes tempestuous, and there is need for the putting forth of every good force, are disheartened, and fall into ignoble defeat, as if it were an unavoidable calamity. The failure results from the wrong view they entertain of life. They run, but they do not win; and they seek a grave in the shadows of withering disappointment.

Young men, at the start be impressed with the battle, the real difficulties that jar through the mystery of human life, all of

which must go down in your success or triumph in your failure. Who thinks he can dance his way through life, and then pluck away its crown at the end, is but a fool dancing to the doom of his folly. Gird yourself for the difficulties of life, and win its brightest victories in overcoming them. And let the thought that God has contemplated all these difficulties in your creation inspire you. It is not a cruel necessity or an unavoidable calamity that these difficulties so often overcome, and sometimes destroy, men; man was made and assigned to his place in view of them, and, like the tree strengthened by the wind that often sways it, he is to be rooted in good purpose the more deeply and firmly because of these.—*M. Rhodes. D.D.*

—The trouble with Peter was his self-confidence. That is the trouble with a good many of us. We have more self-confidence than we are warranted in having. Peter said, if all the others deserted Christ he wouldn't. Many men to-day are trying to reform themselves. They depend on their own strength and faith. The strongest men in the Bible failed in their strongest point. Abraham was the man of faith, yet in Egypt he denied his wife because he didn't trust God. Moses was noted for his humility, yet he lost Canaan by losing his temper. Elijah was a brave man, yet failed through cowardice. The beloved disciple proposed to call down fire to destroy certain persons. And Peter, the most ardent of the disciples, cursed and denied Christ, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." Satan aims high. When he wanted a man to betray Christ, he took Judas, the treasurer of the disciples, and when he wanted a man to deny Christ, he took Peter, the leader of the disciples, and the highest ecclesiastical authority of the day. Let us take warning.—*Moody.*

—There are times in the history of men and nations, when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals from immortals time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beatings and feel the pulsations of the heart of the Infinite.—*James A. Garfield.*

—Beware of detraction, and cultivate a spirit of Christian kindness; guilt, darkness, and pain, always attend scandal.

THE RELATION OF CHILDREN TO THE CHURCH.

BY THE LATE REV. DR. RYERSON.

I urge in behalf of both parents and children, the practical recognition of the rights and claims of children who are admitted and acknowledged as members of the Church by baptism, as implied in our Form of Baptism, and according to our Catechism, and according to what our Church holds to be among the privileges of baptized persons—namely, that "they are made members of the visible Church of Christ." Persons cannot, of course, be members of the "visible" Church of Christ without being members of some visible branch or section of it; and it is not pretended that children baptized by our ministry are members of any other visible portion of the Church of Christ than the Methodist. To deny, therefore, that the baptized children of our people are members of our Church, and that they should be acknowledged as such, and as such be impressed with their obligations and privileges, and as such be prepared for, and brought into, the spiritual communion and fellowship of the Church, on coming to the years of accountability, is, it appears to me, to make the Sacrament of Baptism a nullity, and to disfranchise thousands of children of divinely chartered rights and privileges. Mr. Wesley, in his Treatise on Baptism, in stating the third benefit of baptism, remarks: "By baptism we are admitted into the Church, and consequently made members of Christ, its Head. The Jews were admitted into the Church by circumcision, so are the Christians by baptism." Then Mr. Wesley, speaking of the proper subject of baptism, says:—

"If infants are capable of making a covenant, and were and still are under the evangelical covenant, then they have a right to baptism, which is the entering seal thereof. But infants are capable of making a covenant, and were and still are under the evangelical covenant.

"The custom of nations and common reason of mankind prove that infants may enter into a covenant, and may be obliged by compacts made by others in their name, and receive advantage by them. But we have stronger proof than this, even God's own word: 'Ye stand this day all of you before the Lord—your captains, with all the men of Israel; your little ones, your wives and the stranger—that thou shouldst enter into covenant with the Lord thy God.' Deut. xxix. 10-12. Now God would never have made a covenant with little ones, if they had not been capable of it. It is not said children only, but little children, the Hebrew word properly signifying infants. And these may be still, as they were of old, obliged to perform, in aftertime, what they are not capable of performing at the time of their entering into that obligation.

"The infants of believers, the true children of faithful Abraham, always were under the Gospel covenant. They were included in it, they had a right to it and to the seal of it; as an infant heir has a right to his estate, though he cannot yet have actual possession."—Vol. x. Eng. Ed. pp. 193, 194.

Again, Mr. Wesley's third argument on this subject is so clear, so touching, and so conclusive, that I will quote it without abridgement, as follows:—

"If infants ought to come to Christ, if they are capable of admission into the Church of God, and consequently of solemn sacramental dedication to him, then they are proper subjects of baptism. But infants are capable of coming to Christ, of admission into the Church, and solemn dedication to God.

"That infants ought to come to Christ, appears from His own words:

'They brought little children to Christ, and the disciples rebuked them. And Jesus said, Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Matt. xix, 13, 14. St. Luke expresses it still more strongly: 'They brought unto Him even infants, that he might touch them,' xviii, 15. These children were so little, that they were *brought* to Him; yet He says, 'Suffer them to *come* unto Me:' so little, that He 'took them up in His arms;' yet He rebukes those who would have hindered their coming to Him. And His command respected the future as well as the present. Therefore His disciples or ministers are still to suffer infants to come, that is, to be brought, unto Christ. But they cannot now come to Him, unless by being brought into the Church; which cannot be but by baptism. Yea, and 'of such,' says our Lord, 'is the kingdom of heaven;' not of such only as were like these infants. For if they themselves were not fit to be subjects of that kingdom, how could others be so, because they were like them? Infants, therefore, are capable of being admitted into the Church, and have a right thereto. Even under the Old Testament they were admitted into it by circumcision. And can we suppose they are in a worse condition under the Gospel, then they were under the law? and that our Lord would take away any privileges which they then enjoyed? Would He not rather make additions to them? This, then is a third ground. Infants ought to come to Christ, and no man ought to forbid them. They are capable of admission into the Church of God. Therefore, they are proper subjects of baptism."—Vol. x., Eng. Ed., pp. 195, 196.

Upon these Wesleyan and Scriptural grounds, I believe that the promise and privileges of membership in the Church belong to the baptized children of our people as well as to their parents; that the parents have a right to claim this relationship and its privileges for their children until such children are excluded from the Church by the lawful acts of its executive authorities. Otherwise, the youth baptized by our ministry are in the most pitiful and degrading religious position of the youth of any Church that recognizes the doctrine of infant baptism; and it appears to me that we ought rather not to baptize infants at all, or recommend their parents to take them to other churches for baptism, than thus to treat the feelings of such parents, and to regard their children as having no more membership and privileges in our Church than the rest of the youth of the land, or even the world at large.

It is happily true, that many of the children of our people, as well as those of other people, are converted and brought into the Church under the faithful ministrations of the Word; but how many ten thousand more of them would never wander from the Church, would more easily and more certainly be led to experience all the power of inward religion and the blessings of Christian fellowship, were they acknowledged in their true position and rights, and taught the significance, and obligation, and privilege of all that the outward ordinances and their visible relations involved were intended to confer. The prophets did not deny to a Jew his membership in a Jewish Church, in order to make him a Jew inwardly. Mr. Wesley did not un-church the tens of thousands of baptized members of the Church of England to whom he successfully preached salvation by faith: he made their state, and duties, and privileges, as baptized members of the Church of Christ, the grounds of his appeals; and this vantage ground was one great means of his wonderful success.

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

Methodist Union.

No question, we judge, can come before the approaching session of the General Conference, of greater moment than this. Nothing, we believe, would more promote the cause of God in this land, than the union of the different bodies, into which the Methodism of the Dominion is unhappily divided. Never was the time for such a union more opportune. Never was the general feeling in favour of it so strong. Never were the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment less. The admirable articles of Bro. Ross in this Magazine show that there is at the same time an unprecedented deficiency of ministers to supply the present demands of the work, amounting in our own Church alone to 75, and the prospect in the near future of an unprecedented demand for more men and more money, for the development of the North-West. These opening fields would soon absorb all the surplus men, thus removing one of the greatest difficulties in the way of union; and the saving of at least $20,000 of missionary money annually, would go a long ways towards their support in the mission fields of the North West.

Never did God give any nation such an opportunity to lay the foundations of empire on a virgin soil of almost boundless extent, and exhaustless resources as He has given to us. The question is: Shall we perpetuate in the new Canada of the North-West, the denominational schisms and rivalries of the older provinces? In that new country the evils of divisions from which we suffer here, will be greatly intensified and aggravated, as Mr. Kenner, of the Bible Christian Church, showed in his fraternal address to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He is thus reported in the Toronto *Globe*.—"His impression was that the amalgamation of the various Methodist bodies would be far more to the glory of God, and tend to advance the work they had in their charge, much better than the state of division in which they now were. He had recently been in Manitoba, and an extensive visitation of the stations of his Church, the Methodist Church of Canada, and the M. E. Church, had convinced him that in the North-West there was imperative necessity for organic union. There was an opportunity for Methodism there, which never would recur in the 19th century. He could not believe that the waste of money and resources he had seen there was consistent with the Redeemer's command to preach the Gospel to every creature—while men were preaching to one or two families they might be spread out and their influence widely distributed. There the farmers did not consider they had farms worth cultivating unless they were of 320 or 640 acres. This would only give one family in an area of a mile by half a mile or a mile square, as the case might be, and consequently the country in all probability would never be as thickly populated as Ontario, or at least the southern portion of it."

The farms are so large in the North-West that the population must long be comparatively sparse, and the difficulty of supplying the settlers with the ordinances of religion much greater than in this province with its numerous villages and hundred acre farms. Shall we add to that difficulty by frittering away our strength in sending a number of preachers of the different Methodist bodies scouring over the prairies to keep each in his own fold, the scattered sheep from the churches of Ontario? Already this evil is very conspicuously seen.

If a union of the Methodist bodies do *not* take place what can we expect but that these bodies will push their missions into the heart of the continent which is yet to be the granary

of the world, and within a life-time the home of fifty millions of souls? Thus we shall have, instead of a grand united Methodism, marching under one banner, instinct with one spirit, conquering a continent for Jesus, guerilla bands skirmishing among each other's ranks, perhaps jealous of each other's successes. And along the banks of the two Saskatchewans, in the Valleys of the Qu'Appelle and Peace rivers, and to the foot of the Rocky Mountains, we shall have the spectacle of a divided Methodism, of rival altars, of wasted means, of work poorly done, or not done at all which might be gloriously accomplished by a united effort.

There is a tide in the affairs of Churches and of nations, as well as of men, which taken at its flood, leads on to fortune. We believe that that tide in the history of Methodism is now rising to its flood. We believe that it would be one of the greatest calamities that could befall the Methodist Churches of this land, if they refuse to unite their forces and boldly and wisely to seize the opportunity of molding the destinies of the future now given them. If the question of union be quietly shelved for four years it may receive a blow from which it may never recover. If the genial glow of Christian sympathy be chilled or damped, it may never recover its ardour again. Four years is a long time in this age of rapid development; and before they elapse the lines of cleavage between the bodies may so extend, the framework of their separate organizations, may become so confirmed throughout the great North-West, and the difficulties of union may become so multiplied and so great, that it may have become forever impossible.

But after all, the greatest argument in our mind in favour of Methodist union, is its relation to Christian missions. After nineteen Christian centuries the world yet lieth in the arms of the Wicked One; gross darkness still covers the people. Of the 1,200,000,000 of the race, less than one-third are even nominally Christian, and only one-third of these are nominally Protestant. Of the subjects of Queen Victoria four-fifths are either Pagan or Moslem. In our own land 60,000 of the native tribes whose heritage we possess, whose wards and guardians we should be, are still in pagan darkness, and worship an unknown Manitou, and sacrifice the white dog, and seek in the hour of death to baffle the evil spirits with the conjurer's drum. Right among us a million and a half of our fellow subjects are in the thraldom of the dark superstitions of Romanism. It is safe to say, that of the entire race, more than one half, perhaps more than two-thirds have never heard the name of Jesus. The Dark Continent is dark indeed, only here and there a few rays of light. Only the merest fringe of Asia and a few far mountain tops are as yet illumined with the light of the Sun of righteousness. And what are we doing as a Church for this vast heathen world for which Christ died? Our solitary Japanese Mission needs to be re-enforced, yet some would actually give it up. Do we not need to be baptized afresh with a larger measure of that missionary spirit which has ever been the crown and glory of Methodism? Why should not Canadian Missionaries of our own Church unfurl the banner of the cross and preach the everlasting Gospel on the banks of the Niger and Congo, of the Indus and Ganges? In our own land, Indian tribes are crying "Send us a missionary!" and Christian ladies are willing and waiting to go and teach their pagan sisters in Japan, but for both the money is lacking. With a united Methodism in Canada, with the consolidation of our enterprises, with the augmented resources and rapid development, we might expect as a seal of the Divine approval; and above all, with the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a revival of religion and of missionary zeal, we might do more for the world's conversion in the near future than we have dreamt of as possible in the past. May God give us grace to rise to the height of our glorious privilege, and of our grave responsibility—to thrust in the golden sickle and reap, for the fields are white unto the harvest!

We commend again the closing paragraphs of Bro. Ross' article to

the careful study of our readers, and pray that God may guide all hearts and minds in the way which shall most promote His glory and the welfare of His Church.

The Episcopacy Question.

We regard this question as one of far inferior importance to that of Methodist Union, although it may probably occupy more time and attention at the General Conference. Should, in the wisdom of the Conference, a form of Episcopacy be adopted, we have no fear of a "one-man power." The Superintendent, President, or Bishop, call him what you will, will be a man of God, with no desire to rule as lord over God's heritage, but to be rather the chief shepherd of the flock of Christ, bearing on his heart and brain the care of all the churches. In our economy, pre-eminence of office is pre-eminence of toil. "He that is chief among you let him be your minister"—the servant of all.

We are not, however, convinced, that an Episcopal form of government would be the best for our Canadian Church. "We be brethren," and anything that would cause a shadow or a suspicion of disparity of order among us is to be deprecated. In the grand old Methodism of the fatherland, with its vigorous and far-reaching missionary organization, the president, who for his term of office wields an influence akin to that of an archbishop, is only the leader for a time of the Methodist army, and at the end of the year steps down again into the ranks. It is a curious circumstance—paradox, we had almost written—that our democratic neighbours across the line should have adopted the Episcopal form of Church government. But their great success has been due, we think, to other causes than their Episcopacy; while the latter is not free from objections which would apply equally to the same system in Canada. We think that the views so well expressed by Dr. Burwash, in his letter in the *Guardian* of August 16th, have great weight, and if carried in effect, would prove the happy mean between the theories of esteemed contributors to this magazine on both sides of this question.

England in Egypt.

The eyes of all the world are focused upon the action of England in Egypt. Hostile critics endeavour to pick flaws in her policy and asperse her motives. The jealousy of the other Great Powers prevents them from sharing the honourable task of reducing to order the rebel minister of the Khedive. The duplicity and treachery of Turkey degrades her still lower than ever in the eyes of Europe. The straightforward, bold, and honest policy of England commands the respect even of her enemies. It is with a glow of patriotic pride that one reads the Guildhall declaration to the world of the great Christian statesman who controls the destiny of the Empire. Even those who may have felt misgivings as to the righteousness of this war, must have been reassured by his honest words:

"The great question of the military expedition to Egypt is indeed a matter of deep interest to us and to the world at large, and one upon which it is of vital importance that the position of this country should not be misunderstood. It is true we have gone to Egypt with the forces of this country in prosecution of the great interests of the Empire, which it is our duty to cherish and defend. Unless these interests had existed it would not have been possible for us to find any justification for the intervention we have on hand. These interests, though they be ours, are not ours alone, but they are interests common to us with every State in Europe, nay, with the whole civilized world. Egypt has now become a great gate between the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The commerce of the world depends upon the passage through that gate more than upon any other single point that can be marked upon the surface of the globe. It is essential for the industry and enterprise of mankind that the gate should be open, and in order that it

may be open it is not less essential that the country in which it is set should be a country under perfect, and orderly, and legal government. Though the burden and honour of the work may devolve upon ourselves alone, it is absolutely essential for every country in Europe to see it performed ; and the performance of that work cannot but redound, if it be associated with high and disinterested motives, to the honour of those upon whom that burden may rest. We do not go to Egypt to make war upon its people, but to rescue them from the oppression of a military tyranny. We do not go to repress the growth of Egyptian liberty. On the contrary, we wish the people of Egypt well, for we have no interest in Egypt so great as that she should be prosperous, and Egypt cannot in any other way so well and effectually attain her own prosperity as by the enjoyment of wisely regulated and extended freedom. I believe, therefore, it is true, and, moreover, I believe it is known to be true, that England goes to Egypt with clean hands, with pure purpose, with no second thoughts, with no secret intentions, with nothing to conceal from the other nations of the earth, but, on the contrary, with their full knowledge of our aims and desires, and with the consciousness that we are entitled to claim from them that which I believe they are ready to accord, and have accorded, namely, their confidence, their good-will, and their hearty good wishes for the speedy and effectual success of the British arms."

But all war, even a righteous war, brings with it its frightful train of suffering. Already the transports of sick and wounded are bringing back the shattered wrecks of the brave fellows who a few weeks ago left England full of heart aud hope. And in many an English home, in cottage and hall, the light will be darkened, and some loved one will return no more.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

[Part of these notes failed to come to hand in time for insertion in the August number.—ED.]

The Nova Scotia Conference was held at Windsor, commencing on the 21st of June. The retiring President, the Rev. John Lathern, delivered an appropriate Valedictory Address, in which he gave a very comprehensive view of the work done during the preceding year. It is just one hundred years since the Rev. William Black, of precious memory, commenced his evangelical labours in the Province, and Windsor, the seat of the Conference, was one of the places where he unfurled the banner of the cross and taught the people the way of salvation.

It is intended to hold Centennial Services in October, and raise a thanksgiving fund to be expended in Church extension and evangelization, and in the building of a memorial Theological Hall, at Sackville, to bear the name of the venerable William Black.

Rev. W. C. Brown was elected President, and the Rev. J. A. Rogers was chosen Secretary. The presence and addresses of the Rev. Dr. Douglas and of the Rev. Dr. Young were highly appreciated by the Conference.

The funds were reported to be greatly in advance. Great efforts have been made on behalf of education. Three persons have given $10,000 each, one $5,000, seven $1,000 each, and six $500 each. The Male Academy of Mount Alli-

son Institution, destroyed by fire during the year, is being rebuilt, and will soon be ready for occupancy.

The New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference began its sessions June 28th, at Fredericton. Rev. John S. Phinney was elected President, and the Rev. R. W. Waddell, A.B., Secretary.

The public meetings in connection with the Missionary, the Educational, and the Sunday School anniversaries were of great interest.

Newfoundland Conference. — A new church has been erected in the city of St. John's, which will comfortably seat about 900 persons, at a cost of $20,000.

Our brethren in this Conference have had to suffer many privations during the past year owing to the failure of the fisheries, but they report that their missionary receipts are in advance of the preceding year. Their liberality has abounded in the midst of their poverty.

Montreal Conference.—Our brethren in this Conference have set apart one of their number, Rev. D. Winter, to the work of an evangelist, and have formed a special fund for his support. It is thus intended to supersede the unauthorized evangelists whose visits to certain places have not generally been an unmingled good.

The Rev. L. N. Beaudry recently said that there never was a time when calls were coming from so many places where the French were waiting to hear the truth; and appeals came from the New England States for help in the way of men. They could use twenty-five more missionaries. He instanced the case of St. Theodore as a great success. The whole town was moved. Two trustees of the Roman Catholic Church had left, and twenty families gave $600 towards building a new Protestant Church.

The Death-Roll.

Among the honoured dead we must now record the name of the Rev. Charles Kendall, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, England. He had been 43 years in the ministry, and was an earnest, faithful Minister of the New Testament. He was a member of the late Ecumenical Conference, and occupied the chair one day. Four brothers survive him, three of whom are Methodist Ministers and another a Congregational Minister.

The Rev. Lewis Warner, of our own Church, has joined the great majority. For many years he occupied a prominent position in the Canada Conference, and was a man of great energy. He has lived in comparative retirement for some time, and died suddenly in the month of June. Peace be to his ashes!

The name of the Rev. Henry Bleby has now to be added to the number of those who have passed on before. He commenced his missionary labours in the West Indies in 1830, and with the exception of six years during which he travelled on English circuits his whole ministry was spent in those Islands until 1877, when he was compelled to retire from active labour. He was the author of several books which will do much to keep his memory green, and left behind him three sons, all of whom are Wesleyan missionaries.

Wesleyan Conference, England.

The 139th Wesleyan Conference was held in Leeds, a grand old Yorkshire town which has always been a stronghold of Methodism.

The Rev. Charles Garrett, the well-known Temperance champion, who has done such a glorious work in Liverpool as the promoter of cocoa and coffee houses, was elected to the chair of the Conference. His election is considered a recognition of the great value of his Temperance and of the Temperance principles. It is somewhat remarkable that though Mr. Garrett has been in the ministry since 1848, he was never Superintendent of a circuit, nor Chairman of a District. Our brethren in England maintain the circuit system in its entirety, and not infrequently there are four Ministers stationed in the same circuit. A great number of congratulatory let-

ters were sent him (Mr. Garrett) including one from the Bishop of Liverpool. Probably this is the first time that a Prelate has so far distinguished himself as to even notice a President of the Methodist Conference; but Bishop Ryle resides in Liverpool and is an eye-witness to the herculean labours performed by Mr. Garrett, and last year he entertained several Ministers attending the Conference at Liverpool at a luncheon which he gave at his palace.

The death-roll, though large, is smaller than last year; but it contains the names of such men as Dr. Gervase Smith, T. Albrighton, H. Bleby, for many years a missionary in the West Indies, J. Osborn, and Dr. Appleby, of Ireland, who died during the sessions of the Irish Conference. One of these entered the ministry in 1820, another in 1825, and another in 1830, so that they were truly fathers in Israel. Nine Ministers were elected to the Legal Hundred, among whom were the Rev. Marshall Randles, the author of some important theological works. Twenty-two other Ministers who had served from 30 to 49 years, were made Superannuates.

A peculiar difficulty presented itself at the Conference, there being more Ministers than can be employed. The same also applies to the Primitive Methodists, who have actually closed their Colleges for one year, and the young men trained last year are sent home to wait until they are called for. As the Wesleyan Conference finds this difficulty increasing, they are seriously considering the question as to what is to be done. Dr. Osborn said:—"The rapid increase is causing a yawning gulf in the connexion, but a temporary opening has appeared in the Australian Conference, which offers to take twelve men and give them good positions." It is proposed to employ some as evangelists, and a few liberal gentlemen have provided funds for that purpose. The number of Ministers thus waiting to be employed is 75, about 40 of whom it is believed may be called for. There are also 125 at the Theological Institutions, 49 of whom will have completed their 3 years' term next Conference, and will be ready for circuit work. Six have been received by the Newfoundland Conference.

The number of members is 393,754, being an increase of 12,798. There remain on trial 40,653; the number of deaths was 5,107, and 25,205 had ceased to be members, so that a great number of vacancies had to be filled before there was any increase. The number of young persons meeting in class is 32,417. Evangelistic services, Bible classes, special attention to Sunday-schools, and preaching direct positive truth rather than speculative opinions, were insisted upon as the most likely means to secure the great end of the Church's institution among them.

The Ordination Service was impressive; 67 young Ministers received the imposition of hands. The charge was delivered by the Ex-President, Dr. Osborn, who has been in the ministry 52 years, and still fills the position of Theological Professor.

The Conference was visited by a deputation of Nonconformist Ministers resident in the Town of Leeds, who presented a fraternal address. The Rev. W. Arthur and J. E. Jenkins made an appropriate reply.

Two of the Ministers were appointed special Army Chaplains, and took their departure immediately to join the troops in Egypt.

A lengthy discussion took place respecting the Liturgy, which for several years had been undergoing revision. Fears were entertained lest it should be supposed the Conference gave the least sanction to the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, but all were agreed to repudiate such an erroneous notion.

The report of the Book Room was very satisfactory: 245,925 hymn-books had been sold; Sunday-school hymn-books, 212,060; catechisms, rewards, &c., 595,000.

The various Districts in South Africa have been formed into an Affiliated Conference, with the Rev. John Walton as its first President.

The Rev. Robert Newton Young

was elected Secretary of Conference for the second time, and also delivered the Fernley Lecture, on the Witness of the Holy Spirit. The next Conference is to be held at Hull. In the mixed Conference of Ministers and laymen, the report of the Chapel Committee stated that chapels, Ministers' houses, etc., had been sanctioned to the value of $1,252,405. The total accommodation thus provided amounted to 23,490 sittings. The net amount of Church property gained during the past year, in addition to the above, exceeds $1,450,000.

In the metropolis, 64 chapels, to seat 1,000 persons each, have been erected in 20 years, 8 of which have been opened during the past year, 3 others are in course of erection, and 7 other sites have been secured. In 21 years, there will have been more Methodist places of worship erected in London than were built during the preceding 120 years. The Rev. W. Arthur, M.A., stated that when Mr. Wesley died there were only 2,950 members in London; 21 years ago, when the Metropolitan building scheme was inaugurated, there were 13,000 members, now there are more than 33,000; but it must be remembered that the population of London increases at the rate of 60,000 per year.

The Home Mission and Contingent Fund has an income of $175,170. In addition to the employment of Ministers on missions and dependent circuits, laymen are sometimes employed in evangelical movements. Large towns and cities are especially regarded as suitable centres for the employment of Home Mission agencies.

The report of the Sunday-schools was very gratifying, as there was an increase of 63 schools, and nearly 20,000 scholars. The total number of scholars is 829,666, 93,127 of whom meet in class, and are regarded as members of the Church.

The Children's Home has provided for 1,300 children, 700 of whom have gone forth into the world, and not more than 3 per cent. have disappointed the expectations of the friends of the Institution.

The Thanksgiving Fund has been a grand success. No less than $1,407,185 have been paid to the Treasurers, which they have disbursed to various funds, among others $40,000 having been appropriated to necessitous local preachers.

The work of Temperance advances in the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, there being no less than 2,345 Bands of Hope, and 177 Methodist Temperance societies. The President of the Conference suggested that there should be a monster Methodist petition sent to Parliament for the closing of public houses on the Lord's Day, signed by three-quarters of a million of people.

The Missionary Society has been freed from debt. Respecting South Africa, where an affiliated Conference has been formed, Dr. Osborn said, "he recollected when a boy that he collected pennies for the missions in South Africa, when there were but two missionaries and 42 members, and now there are 160 Ministers and 22,000 members."

It was suggested by a layman that a Conference should be established in the West Indies.

BOOK NOTICES.

Osgood's Maritime Provinces. Second Edition, revised and enlarged, 12 mo. pp. 336. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.; Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.50.

Every loyal Canadian should become as familiar as possible with his own country and no more romantic country, no grander scenery, no more thrilling historic associations can easily be found than those of our own land, and especially of our Maritime Provinces The storied heights of Quebec, the frowning grandeur of the Saguenay

and Lower St. Lawrence, the sylvan loveliness of Prince Edward Island, the noble streams of New Brunswick, the romantic shores of Nova Scotia -these are scenes to awaken our patriotic love and pride.

But in order to derive the full advantage of travel through these provinces the tourist needs a good guide book. Unquestionably the best extant is the above named. It is based on the same plan as Badeker's famous European guide books, the best in the world. It tells just what travellers want to know, the various routes and their respective excellences, railroad and steamboat fares and hotel rates, statistical information, historical facts and poetic associations. It will save many times its cost in time and money, and double the enjoyment of a trip. It gives five clearly drawn maps and several plans of cities, and describes seventy-three routes through Nova Scotia,—the land of Evangeline—New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Quebec, and contains a choice anthology of the poetry and historic prose written upon our country. Stay-at-home travellers will find this charming reading, and will learn more of their country and its history from this book than from almost any other.

Osgood's New England. Seventh series, revised and augmented. 12 mo. pp. 447. Boston : James Osgood & Co., Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $1.50.

This book is a companion volume to the last, embracing New England, New York, and the Canadian frontier from Niagara Falls to Toronto, Montreal, and Quebec. The old colonial towns of New England, Plymouth, Salem, Portsmouth, Newport, Providence, Boston, and New York, and Albany have an interest to Canadians second only to that of their own country. Here they are fully described with the aid of seventeen maps and plans, also the White Mountains, and the romantic sea coast. Both books are admirably indexed and should find their place in the Grip-sack of every intelligent trourist through the scenes which they describe.

Ten Years of Self-supporting Missions in India. By WILLIAM TAYLOR, pp. 487, printed for the the author. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price $1.25.

The name of "California Taylor" is "familiar as a household word" throughout the Methodist world. Few men have been permitted to do so much for the cause of missions, and no man we think has ever shown greater zeal and consecration to this holy work. If the heathen world is to be speedily Christianised it must we think, be by the adoption of some such plan of self-supporting missions as that here described. Mr. Taylor has sent to India alone, within six and a half years, fifty Methodist missionaries—thirty-six men and fourteen women. Of the whole number but six have returned—five men under medical advice, and one woman with her sick husband. Of these missionaries Mr. Taylor says "Not one has brought any reproach on the cause of God by an immoral act or sinful word ; not great men, but good and true to God and man." Besides these, there are fifty-seven local preachers, born in India, who support themselves, and preach almost daily in the churches and bazaars. There are over 2,000 lay members, one fourth of whom are natives. A similar work has been carried on in South America. Mr. Taylor outlines with great clearness and force what he calls, and justly, the Pauline method of his missions. But we deprecate the lack of cordial co-operation between his work and the missionary authorities of the Methodist Episcopal Church. We trust that they will be able to harmonize their operations and say "Let there be no strife between us." Mr. Taylor supports himself and family, and helps to send out his missionaries by the sale of his books. Those, therefore, who purchase this volume will be directly assisting mission work.

The After-School Series. Preparatory Greek Course in English. By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. Cr. 8vo. pp 294. New York : Phillips & Hunt. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price $1.25.

This book is the first of another educational series which owes its existence to the fertile brain of Dr. John H. Vincent, and bears on its cover the familiar picture of the "Hall in the Grove" at Chautauqua. It is designed to give the English reader some such knowledge of classic literature as the college graduate obtains through the original text. We venture to say that in many cases it will be a superior knowledge. In a few well-written chapters, assisted by maps and cuts, the land of classic story, its people, and their writings are described, and then selections from such Greek authors as Æsop and Lucian, Xenophon's Memorabilia, and a more detailed account of his Anabasis and of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, with copious extracts are given. While, of course, as a mental drill it cannot compare with the study of the Greek text, it will to many give more information than even such a study.

The Canadian Musical Fountain and Revial Singer. Oblong, pp. 191. C. W. COATES & BROTHERS Compilers. Montreal : Robt. Miller & Co., and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

This book is a valuable addition to the literature of sacred song. The lengthened experience and cultured musical taste of its compilers have enabled them thoroughly to sift the ample material at their disposal, rejecting the weak, the trivial, the incongruous, and retaining the pure, harmonious, and correct. The work is admirably adapted for use in Temperance meetings, Camp meetings, Revival services, social gatherings, the home circle, etc. Some of the pieces have been newly harmonized and we judge greatly improved. The book, while intended chiefly as a useful one for the average community, will be found, we think, to meet the tastes of people of musical culture, and even classical purists will doubtless find in it something to admire.

The Duty of Women. By FRANCES POWER COBBE. Seventh thousand. 12mo. pp. 193. Geo. H. Ellis, Boston, Mass. Toronto : William Briggs. Price $1. Paper edition 25 cts.

Miss Cobbe has long been known as one of the most clear and forcible of English writers, and thinkers. Her books are instinct with a noble ethical purpose. In none is this characteristic more marked then in this volume. An eminent writer declares that, "It is the profoundest, wisest, purest, noblest book, in principle, aim, and tone, yet written upon the True Position of Woman in Society." It discusses the personal and social duties of women as mothers, daughters, sisters, wives, mistresses, members of society, and citizens of the state. Miss Cobbe has done much to secure the rights and privileges of higher education at the universities for women. The study of this book cannot fail to give women a nobler conception of their duties and responsibilities, and will help them to develop a loftier type of character than many of them attain.

What our Girls Ought to Know. By MARY J. STUDLEY, M.D. Pp. 261. New York : Frank & Wagnals. Toronto : Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The author of this book, an accomplished Christian lady was a practicing physician and subsequently a teacher in the State Normal School of Massachusetts. These chapters are talks with the girls of her class on how to perserve health, one of the most important lessons any girl can learn. The advice on the subject of food, dress, exercise ; on the heart, the lungs, the brain ; on nerves, and nervousness, and other topics is eminently judicious. If girls will read and follow this advice they will be healthier, happier and more useful in the world.

NATIVE INDIANS OF PERU.